The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1905

Negotiations for Peace

Last week a copy of the note which the Chinese Government sent recently to both Russia and Japan concerning China's desire to be a party to the peace negotiations reached this country. The text is as follows:

> Having viewed with profound regret the unfortunate interruption of peaceful relations between Japan and Russia, the Imperial Government now learns with sincere gratification that negotiations are about to commence for the restoration of peace and amity. But in the present conflict Chinese territory has been made the theater of military operations. Therefore it is hereby expressly declared that no provision affecting China without the approval of China previously obtained which the treaty of peace may contain will be recognized as valid.

Japan's history in connection with China might, we think, lead the Peking Government to regard such a note as superfluous; but it is nevertheless a timely expression of China's interest in the case. In this connection it is interesting to note some of the Japanese demands put forth by seven professors of the Imperial University at Tokyo: (1) The Port Arthur and other Manchurian leases from China to Russia should be transferred, with China's consent, to Japan. (2) China should be requested to open Manchuria to the world's trade. (3) The administration of Manchuria should be conducted by Japan until order has been restored, and then the province returned to China. (4) The Chinese Eastern railway should become Anglo-Japanese property, if possible. (5) Korea should be under a Japanese protectorate. (6) Saghalien should be ceded to Japan. (7) The indemnity should cover all expenditure arising in connection with the war. Japan's new position in Manchuria, more redoubtable than ever, certainly suggests that a stern argument may lead Russia to conclude a reasonable peace now rather than a humiliating one later. One thing, however, may be taken for granted: the Japanese are in no mood for a temporary peace, a truce to be broken again shortly. They have spent too much in life and treasure for that. Another thing might also be taken for granted, we think. While the Japanese will be wise enough, it is to be hoped, to present only non-humiliating demands, those once stated, the Tokyo plenipotentiaries will be found, we fancy, hardly more in the mood for haggling than they were in 1895. In that year, also as victors, they arranged terms with the Chinese at Shimonoseki to end the Chino-Japanese war. The supposed plenipotentiaries from Peking were discovered to be only envoys. They had no plenary power to negotiate and sign a treaty. Japan sent them home. The Peking Government then empowered the late Earl Li-Hung-Chang to act as full plenipotentiary. To him Marquis Ito, as Japan's plenipotentiary, made proposals. Earl Li demurred to the terms as proposed. Marquis Ito modified some of the terms and presented the revised proposals as an ultimatum, requesting a categorical reply within four days. China made a last appeal. Japan replied that the ultimatum was not open to discussion. Within a week the peace treaty was signed. It would be almost too much, however, to expect that such history should repeat itself.

❀

The Zemstvoist Congress

The Zemstvoist Congress at Moscow last week may prove to be a genuinely historical event. At all events, it marks, as nothing has hitherto, the movement away from the throne and toward the people. On "Red Sunday," January 22 last, occurred the last great popular appeal to the Czar. It was a psychological moment in the history of the Russian dynasty. The Czar failed to rise to its demands. The consequences of that failure are now upon him. The

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people are turning no longer to him but to themselves in their appreciation of present political chaos and in their determination for reform. Delegates from the zemstvos, or local government councils, were recently called together to meet in Moscow. The Emperor was informed of the project, and actually gave it his approval. It seemed almost as if this act might atone for his cowardice of last January. Just before the meeting, however, the police interdicted it on the ground that it might produce disorder. Police officers were detailed to stop the proceedings. The Congress convened. The police officers appeared and demanded that it be closed. Count Heyden, presiding, pointed out that the meeting was acting with the Czar's authority, as personally expressed by his Majesty on June 19, and refused to obey. A compromise was then reached by which the police officers took down the names of the delegates present, most of the spectators insisting that they be also recorded, and one even shouting, "Write down all Russia!" The great speech at the Congress, as far as reported by cable, seems to have been that of Ivan Petrumkevitch. Like Patrick Henry at our own Continental Congress, he declared, amid storms of applause, that present conditions were intolerable, that reform was inevitable, and that the duty of zemstvoists was to prevent bloodshedding, if possible. "We counted," he cried, "on reforms from above. We appealed to the Czar—vainly. We now appeal to the people!" But the zemstvoists are not all of one mind. Prince Rostkovski was shocked at Ivan Petrumkevitch's declarations, and, calling them a direct incitement to revolution, quitted the assemblage. On the other hand, Prince Dolgorukov introduced resolutions by which the Congress committed itself to a propaganda among the people, "upholding the national rights of man by pacific means not excluding non-submission to the authorities infringing those rights." Four noteworthy incidents followed. One was the receipt of a resolution of sympathy from the "Union of Officials," hoping that the Congress would secure freedom of the press and the responsibility of the Ministry. Another was the condemnation by the Congress of Sergius Witte's recent statements referring favorably to Russia's internal condition and her ability to continue the war. The third was the passage of a resolution criticising the Government's home policy, and saying that "in view of the systematic violation of the rights of the zemstvos and the municipalities, complaint be lodged in each case and all possible resistance offered." The fourth was the passage of a resolution criticising the Government's foreign policy, affirming that "the notorious consequences of the irresponsible acts of public officials in the domain of foreign policy indicate the absolute need of following the example of Western States, where parliaments have the right to question and interpellate the Foreign Minister."

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Will There Be a Russian Constitution?

The present Russian Minister of the Interior recently prepared a draft for an elective national assembly, which, together with the zemstvoists' draft, shows that English and American constitutionalism is not the only kind existing as a base for future efforts in that direction. Continental Europe must also be reckoned with. According to the Minister of the Interior's plan, members to the lower house of the proposed assembly are to be voted for on the basis of the suffrage of men and women, the latter voting by proxy. The classes absolutely debarred from voting are criminals, incompetents, the nomadic races, Jews, persons not of Russian nationality, all Imperial and local administrators, and all persons connected with the police. The Emperor is to possess the right of absolute veto as well as the power to prorogue the assembly. The presidents of the respective chambers are to be chosen by the Czar, who will have the right to suspend the sittings. The Zemstvoist Congress condemned this plan, which it declared "cannot assure national representation in the real sense of the word, and cannot avert the danger threatening the country, or bring it out of its present condition of anarchy." The scheme is further declared "to be based on an unfair and unjust franchise. It

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invites electoral abuses and goes counter to the Czar's declaration in favor of a union between the throne and people." Though thus condemned, the zemstvoists decided that if the Czar should promulgate it, all liberals should try to get elected in order the better to fight for liberties and reforms. In their turn, the zemstvoists introduced the text of a draft constitution. By a significant adaptation of English parliamentary practice, the draft was passed on its first reading. The Congress resolved by a vote of 220 to 7 to submit it for discussion to all the zemstvos, the second reading to take place at the August meeting of the Congress. The constitution follows closely the main principles of the Moscow municipality's draft. It proposes two chambers; the upper one to be elected by the local government electorate, which appoints the zemstvos, the lower one to be elected by universal suffrage. The question of woman suffrage was left open. At the closing session a motion was adopted that the next Congress should include representatives from sections in Russia proper where zemstvos are not held, also from the provinces on the outskirts of the Empire, and from the various agricultural and other popular societies. Thus the first great Russian reform seems in sight, and we can almost say, There is to be a constitution. The question now would seem to be rather, What kind? Two plans are presented, the Government's and the people's. As might be expected, the first falls short of a practicable ideal. But does the other go too far? We comment elsewhere editorially on this subject.

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The Balfour Ministry

Last week in the British House of Commons two prominent measures were passed—the Aliens Bill and the Scottish Church Bill. The former prohibits immigrants from landing except at ports where an immigration officer is stationed, and then only with his consent and after a medical examination. Permission to land may be refused if immigrants are unable to show that they are in a position to obtain means to keep themselves decently; if they are insane; if they are likely, because of disease or other reasons, to become a charge on the taxpayers; if they have been sentenced abroad for an extraditable crime, not of a political nature; or if they have been previously expelled from Great Britain. The bill, however, provides that permission to land shall not be refused on account of want of means, if the immigrant is able to prove that admission to Great Britain is sought solely to avoid persecution for political offenses. On the Scottish Church Bill we comment elsewhere. During the discussion of the estimates the Government was unexpectedly defeated by a majority of three on Mr. Redmond's motion to reduce the membership of the Irish Land Commission. The incident was considered hardly of sufficient importance to justify the Government in resigning. When asked by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Opposition leader, what course he intended to pursue, Mr. Balfour, the Premier, on Monday of this week declared that the Government had no intention of resigning or of dissolving Parliament. He hoped that the practice would never prevail of allowing a Government possessing the confidence of the majority of the House to abandon its post. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's question was peculiarly picturesque since almost exactly ten years ago a vote was introduced to reduce his salary as War Secretary in the Cabinet of that day under Lord Rosebery's Premiership. As some of the Radicals refused to support the Government, the censure was passed by a majority of seven. Sir Henry resigned, and his action was followed by that of the Ministry. The defeated War Secretary of 1895 has now become the leader of the increasingly victorious party of 1905. The Government's defeat indicates not so much a lack of confidence in the Balfour Ministry as it does a lack of vigilance on the part of the Government "whips." It is evident that a larger body of Government than of Opposition members neglected their duties. The vote was on no essentially vital issue, but on a minor phase of the Irish land question. Regarding a possible change of Ministry, while England's complicated

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internal situation, induced by the Government's unfortunate attitude on the education, liquor, and fiscal issues, might be improved by a change to a Liberal Ministry, it is questionable whether the external situation would be improved. The two main accomplishments in foreign affairs by the Balfour Cabinet have been the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the Anglo-French understanding. Both of these have been adversely criticised by Lord Rosebery, who is popularly spoken of as the probable Foreign Minister in a Liberal Cabinet.

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The Scottish Churches in Parliament

The bill for the settlement of the controversy between the United Free Church and the "Wee Kirk," adjudged by the House of Lords to be the legal Free Church, is reported to have been enacted in Parliament last week. Its provisions, as reported in The Outlook of May 13, invest a special Commission with plenary and final authority to hear and determine all disputed claims to property whose aggregate value is reckoned at twenty million dollars, on the basis of the competency proved by the contending parties to administer the same and the trusts connected therewith. The general equity of the bill may be inferred from the fact that it was severely criticised by both parties. In the course of the long litigation which must now precede the final settlement, each party is certain to get less than it claims. An unexpected feature of the bill now enacted was a rider tacked to it for the benefit of the Church of Scotland, whose General Assembly voted last May to petition Parliament to authorize its adoption of a more elastic form of subscription to the Westminster Confession. A clause to this effect was accordingly added to the bill, providing that "the formula of subscription to the Confession of Faith recognized from ministers and preachers of the Church of Scotland as by law established . . . shall be such as may be prescribed by Act of the General Assembly of the said Church, with the consent of the majority of the Presbyteries thereof." This was a "canny" move on the part of the Established Church to take advantage of a crisis that needed immediate settlement to secure a privilege by the shortest cut. Since the publication some twenty years ago of the "Scotch Sermons," liberal thought has spread in the Established Church all the more freely because of the general repugnance to the appeal to Parliament that might be provoked by any such attempts to eliminate liberals as have occurred in this country. The terms of subscription to the ancient Confession have become burdensome, and it is said that they repel young men of good parts from entering the ministry, but without the consent of Parliament the State Church is powerless to mend such matters. This loading of the bill with an incongruous and "contentious" measure was sharply resented by Free Churchmen, both Scotch and English, but it was backed by the influence of the Church of England, and it went through on the merits of the urgent measure it was coupled with. The Church of Scotland thus secures an independence of the State it has not yet enjoyed—an object-lesson to the Church of England on the advantage of internal unanimity. It also secures immunity from any such involvement of property titles with creedal questions as has plagued the United Free Church.

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The Chinese Boycott

A circular calling for the boycott of American goods has been issued by a "literary society" of Shanghai, and widely issued throughout the Chinese Empire. In May merchant guilds of Shanghai met and adopted certain resolutions. The circular is a report of this meeting, and therefore expresses the serious intention of an influential class. The American Consul at Fuchau, who has sent the circular to the State Department, reports that the Chinese are aroused on the subject, and receive with credulity rumors of preposterous outrages upon Chinese in America. According to the resolutions contained in this circular, the signers intend to exercise not only an industrial but a social boycott. They agree not merely to refuse

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to buy American goods, but to drop all social recognition of tradesmen who, after being informed of the boycott, continue to sell American goods. They agree, for instance, "to persuade people not to make acquaintance with or to marry their children to those dealers in American goods." They urge the laboring classes "to demand more wages when they are hired to discharge American cargoes" or when they are in the employ of Americans in China. They agree also to attempt to get the good will of missionaries, "impartial and reasonable editors in the United States," and "local government" in their attempt to bring about a modification of the treatment of Chinese travelers in the United States. They make clear that they do not regard this as a matter between the Governments of the two countries, for they recognize the friendliness toward China which the American Government has shown; they are rather intent upon bringing about a change in American public opinion. It is humiliating to confess that they have displayed shrewdness in appealing to the American pocket instead of the American conscience.

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A Negro Appeal to the Country

About thirty colored men from North and South met in conference at Buffalo, New York, on July 11, 12, and 13, and formed a National organization to be known as "The Niagara Movement." The moving spirit in this Conference was Professor W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, of Atlanta, Georgia. It was he who called it, and it is he who is its General Secretary. There is an Executive Committee composed of State Secretaries, each of whom is to head a committee in his own State. The Conference adopted an "Address to the Country"—well described in its own language as a "statement, complaint, and prayer"—and it is submitted "to the American people, and to Almighty God." In earnest and at times impassioned language, it sets forth the grievances of which the members of the Conference are convinced they must complain. They believe that "Negro-Americans" should protest "against the curtailment of their political rights" and "civil rights," and "against the denial of equal opportunities to us in economic life." They emphasize the importance of proper schools, particularly high schools, technical schools, and "institutions of higher education," and of just methods in judicial and penal administration. They plead for a chance to live in decent localities and to rear children in physical and moral cleanliness. They urge adequate reward for black soldiers, the admission of black boys to the military and naval training-schools, the enactment by Congress of appropriate legislation to enforce the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments; and they protest against injustice from employers and from labor unions, against "the Jim Crow car," against the impression "that the Negro-American assents to inferiority," and against "the monstrous doctrine that the oppressor should be the sole authority as to the rights of the oppressed." They acknowledge the help they have received from their fellow-men, but they manifestly regard most of their fellow-men in America as hostile:

> We note with alarm the evident retrogression in this land of sound public opinion on the subject of manhood rights, republican government, and human brotherhood. . . . The negro race in America, stolen, ravished, and degraded, struggling up through difficulties and oppression, needs sympathy and receives criticism, needs help and is given hindrance, needs protection and is given mob-violence, needs justice and is given charity, needs leadership and is given cowardice and apology, needs bread and is given a stone. . . . Especially are we surprised and astonished at the recent attitude of the Church of Christ—on the increase of a desire to bow to racial prejudice, to narrow the bounds of human brotherhood, and to segregate black men in some outer sanctuary. This is wrong, unchristian, and disgraceful to twentieth-century civilization.

The address closes with a brief summons to the colored people to perform their duties.

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Complaint vs. Leadership

When men of fine feeling suffer hardship, and, what is more trying, see others whom they love and honor suffer hardship also, it is natural for them to protest. Sympathy, however, with such men does not necessarily involve agree-

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ment with their views as to what constitutes their hardship, what causes it, and what is the true remedy for it. Neither is it identical with commendation of the spirit in which they express their remonstrance. The very fact that The Outlook sympathizes with these men who have undertaken to organize the "Niagara Movement" leads it to express the opinion that they are likely to injure rather than to benefit their race so far as they have any influence upon the race at all. They are likely to do this, in the first place, because, although they advocate some things most necessary for the progress of the negro race and the health of the Nation, they base their protest largely on a misapprehension of the facts. That the welfare of the negro depends on unqualified "manhood suffrage" seems to be their assumption. This is to build upon a device rather than upon a principle. Unqualified "manhood suffrage" is not a principle, it is a device to secure justice—a device which has sometimes worked well and sometimes ill. An equitable administration of the ballot law, qualified or unqualified, is, on the other hand, a matter of principle; and so far as the hardships suffered by the negroes are political they can be remedied only by securing such equitable administration. Democratic sentiment in America, moreover, is not retreating before the caste spirit, as these men assert; it is rather growing in power and effectiveness. Race distinctions are not in every case unjust. Whatever distinctions are necessary for race integrity may properly be maintained. For colored men to argue that race separation is degrading to them is equivalent to a concession that their race is inferior—a concession which they themselves repudiate. Most unfortunate of all, however, is the tone, almost of petulance, which marks this address. Even when a child makes a just request, he gains nothing by uttering it with a whine; and grown men are not more likely to be heard by determining to "complain loudly and insistently." As a matter of fact, these colored men, mostly of the North, represent a small element in the race. The real leaders of the American negroes are not complaining; they are too busy inculcating habits of thrift, energy, and self-control among the people to whom they are proud to belong.

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Legislative Investigation of Insurance Companies

Governor Higgins, after strongly opposing any legislative investigation at the present time of life insurance companies doing business in New York State, finally found last week that public sentiment was almost universally in favor of such a course. He accordingly sent a special message to the Legislature recommending for its consideration the appointment of a joint investigating committee. He said that while the insurance laws of the State guarantee solvency and the performance of contracts on the part of life insurance companies, it is evident that evils and abuses can exist which the laws do not cover, such as extravagance and waste in the expenses of operation, the diversion to other purposes of earnings which should be credited to policy-holders, the making of unwise investments, and the indirect use by trustees of trust funds for their own personal advantage. In his opinion, the insurance law is in some respects obsolete and inadequate, and the management of the enormous funds held by the great companies is not sufficiently safeguarded. This opinion must be shared by any one who is familiar with the disclosures of the methods pursued in the management of the Equitable Society. Governor Higgins continues: "A revision of our insurance law is necessary, but it should be made with calmness, deliberation, and intelligence, and after careful study and investigation." Immediately upon receipt of the Governor's message, the Senate and Assembly passed the recommended resolution providing for a committee of three Senators and five Assemblymen, to meet after the close of the present special session. Senator W. W. Armstrong, of Rochester, was appointed Chairman of this Committee of Investigation, and the other members are Senator William J. Tully, of Corning, Senator Daniel J. Riordan, of New York City, and Assemblymen James T. Rogers, of Broome County, Robert L.

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Cox, of Erie, William W. Wemple, of Schenectady, Ezra P. Prentice, of New York, and John McKeown, of Brooklyn. This investigation should throw light on the relations of insurance companies to their policy-holders and the public. On Wednesday of last week Mr. Paul Morton summarily removed from office, as Controller of the Society, Mr. Thomas D. Jordan, who has occupied that position for nearly ten years. The reason for his dismissal was that he refused to furnish Mr. Morton information regarding important transactions of the Society which are being investigated. He is to be succeeded, at least for the present, by Mr. William A. Day, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. Mr. Day for four years in Mr. Cleveland's first administration occupied the position of Auditor of the United States Treasury, one of the most important offices in the Treasury Department.

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A Plan to Reorganize the Equitable

Mr. George Westinghouse, one of the Board of Trustees appointed by Mr. Ryan, has suggested a plan for the control of the stock of the Equitable Society which will, in his opinion, provide a satisfactory solution of the problem of a permanent organization of the Society, insuring its management for the best interests of the policy-holders. The present plan, by which a majority of the stock is owned by Mr. Ryan, and placed by him in the control of a board of trustees, who vote it partly in accordance with the wishes of the policy-holders and partly in accordance with their own untrammeled best judgment, is excellent as a temporary measure. But it can only be temporary. It cannot be expected that Mr. Ryan's public spirit, which prompted him to inaugurate this plan, will lead him permanently to sacrifice the two and a half million dollars which the stock cost him, and from which he receives a return of less than one-fifth of one per cent. Mr. Ryan has already let it be known that his stock is at any time available, at cost, under any plan for acquisition by the Society or for the benefit of the policy-holders. Some method must therefore be adopted in the not far distant future to relieve Mr. Ryan of his public-spirited but unprofitable investment. The details of Mr. Westinghouse's plan have been outlined as follows:

> All shareholders shall be invited to place their shares with those of Mr. Ryan in the hands of the trustees, with power to vote for an amendment to the Society's charter, providing that the stock shall consist of 5,000 shares of $20 each, instead of 1,000 shares of $100 each; that no person except a policy-holder shall be a director; that only one share shall be held by any single person, who must be a policy-holder; that at each annual election seven policy-holders who have not previously served shall be chosen, and that the trustees be directed and empowered to offer for sale at $1,000 a share the 5,000 shares contemplated by the amended charter to the 5,000 largest policy-holders, and in the event of any such offer not being accepted, then to continue to offer said shares to the next largest policy-holders until the whole 5,000 shares shall have been disposed of.

Mr. Westinghouse believes that this plan would result in the selection of the most influential policy-holders as candidates for the position of Directors, and that it would tend greatly to strengthen the Society in the estimation of the public. The proposal seems to The Outlook to have a number of excellent points to recommend it, but to have more difficulties in the way of its adoption. It would probably be difficult to persuade the holders of the stock outside of that controlled by Mr. Ryan to place it in the hands of the trustees for the adoption of the new plan. The Outlook believes that it would be at least as hard to find 5,000 policy-holders who would pay one thousand dollars for a twenty-dollar share of stock as it has been found to be under the present plan to ascertain the wishes of the great body of policy-holders throughout the country in the selection of new Directors of the Society. Whatever may be the opinion of the merits of Mr. Westinghouse's proposal, one thing is certain: some plan must be found which shall be substituted for the temporary expedient of Mr. Ryan, and which shall leave the control of the Society in the hands of the policy-holders. But no plan should be adopted except after the most careful deliberation and the most thorough weighing of all its merits and defects.

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The Bennington Disaster

Nothing but the most thorough and rigid examination of all the facts can rightly place the responsibility for the terrible boiler explosion at San Diego on the United States gunboat Bennington on Friday of last week. Such an investigation will be carried on under the orders of the Navy Department, and it will doubtless either confirm or disprove several allegations which at present rest only upon newspaper reports. One of the most serious of these reports is that the steam-log of the Bennington shows that on the voyage to San Diego the boilers were several times allowed to exceed the maximum pressure which had been fixed before the voyage began—a maximum, it is said, reduced from 165 to 145 pounds because of defects then discovered. It should be understood that the mere fact that a boiler was in use at all after a certain degree of weakness had been noted by inspectors does not necessarily indicate recklessness or danger; such an occurrence is frequent and is practically necessary. But to carry a heavier pressure than is allowed after examination is a serious matter. The Navy Department requires boiler inspection once in three months. To disregard the results of these inspections would be nothing less than criminal. Another report, not to be accepted without direct evidence, but serious enough to require examination, is that an officer in the San Francisco Navy-Yard has said that there was no warrant machinist aboard the Bennington, and that the officer under whose supervision the ship's engines and boilers had been placed "never had a day's experience in an engine-room, and the exact condition of the boilers was never at any time known to him." This may very well be an exaggeration, but it illustrates the line of argument of those who disapprove of the change in the Department by which chief engineers must be of "the line." It is true that the students at the Annapolis Academy receive instruction in engineering, but it is said by many that no such instruction can take the place of actual experience and mechanical training, and that if warrant officers were to be made chief engineers it would be quite possible to see that they underwent such examinations as to general education and intelligence, in addition to technical equipment, as would make them desirable naval officers. Whether or not the facts in the Bennington disaster will have a bearing on this general question remains to be determined by the evidence. The Bennington is a gunboat of 1,710 tons, and is fourteen years old. She was under the orders of Commander Lucien Young, an officer distinguished in the Cuban War. Her chief engineer is Ensign Charles T. Wade, whose commission dates from 1902. The extent of the disaster as known at this writing is fifty-seven dead, fifty-one wounded, and seventeen missing—the latter probably mostly to be numbered with the dead, while not a few of the wounded will die. This, with the exception of the destruction of the Maine, is the greatest calamity that ever befell a United States naval vessel in time of peace.

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The Investigation of Railroad Accidents

The new eighteen-hour flier between New York and Chicago on the Pennsylvania Railroad met with an accident last week. Unlike the disaster to the corresponding train on the New York Central at Mentor, Ohio, in this there was no loss of life nor any injury except to the engineer, who jumped from the cab. The accident was caused in exactly the same way as the one at South Harrisburg on May 11, which was made horrible by the explosion of freight cars loaded with dynamite. A freight train on the other track was stopped too suddenly, the train buckled, and a car fell over in the path of the approaching flier. That no serious results followed was merely a matter of good fortune. As was explained in The Outlook's report of the Harrisburg wreck, this form of accident seems to be the result of the way in which railroads comply with a law intended to protect the brakemen on freight trains. The occurrence within two months, on the same railroad, at almost the same place, of two accidents almost identical except in the gravity of their results, would seem to indicate that something should be done

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to improve the conditions which make this class of disasters possible. It is, unfortunately, probable that nothing will be done by the railroads unless they are compelled to act by changes in the law. Much has been said and written recently about the superiority of English railroads over those of this country in the matter of the safety of travel. It is a much-debated question whether under the conditions existing in this country it is possible for trains to be run with the same attention to the safety of the traveling public that prevails in England without such an increase in the cost of travel as would be practically prohibitive. This question The Outlook does not attempt to decide. There is, however, one institution in England which, in our opinion, could be adopted in this country to the greatest advantage. A department of the Board of Trade, which corresponds to the Department of Commerce and Labor in our Government, is intrusted with the task of investigating all railroad accidents, with a view to determining their cause and discovering means for the prevention of similar accidents in the future. Four officers of the Royal Engineers act as inspectors, with two practical railroad men as assistants. The law requires that all accidents shall be reported to this department by the railroads themselves. In the case of a serious accident—and many an accident which would be passed over lightly by American newspapers is considered serious in England—a board of inquiry is held by the chief inspectors, the scene of the accident is visited, witnesses are examined, and a thorough investigation is made into the whole affair. A report is made to the Board of Trade, which has the power to make proper regulations "for removing the dangers and risks incidental to railway service." Recommendations are also made of changes in the regulations to remove the danger of similar accidents, and it is found that such recommendations are generally followed by the Government officials. Complete reports of the findings of the inspectors are published quarterly. In this country regulations for the safeguarding of travelers can be made only by Congress or by the State Legislatures, and in so far as in the English system the power to make regulations is conferred on a Government department, it would not be possible to parallel it in this country. What could be done, however, and what, in the opinion of The Outlook, would be a most important step for insuring the safety of the traveling public, is the organization of a board which should investigate all accidents occurring on inter-State railroads, should give the greatest publicity to their findings, and should make recommendations of changes in the equipment or methods of operation of railroads to prevent the recurrence of similar catastrophes. Under the present system the public is generally completely in the dark as to the real cause of any but the most serious accidents. It is to the advantage of the railroad officials to conceal results of any investigation that they may make of accidents occurring on their road, and an inquiry by any local body is very likely to be biased by the immense influence which the railroad is able to bring to bear upon it.

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The New Engineer of the Panama Canal

It was fortunate for the country, when the position of Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal was made vacant by the resignation of Mr. John F. Wallace, that a man was ready at hand already selected for important engineering work under the Government, who could be transferred with the fullest confidence that he would prove equal to the task. Mr. John F. Stevens had been selected by the Philippine Commission as the Government expert to oversee the construction of the thousand miles of railways about to be built in the islands under Government aid. His ability and record as an engineer had already been carefully investigated, and it was at once evident, without the necessity of a canvass of the country for candidates, that he was the best man to build the Canal. Mr. Stevens was until recently the Vice-President and Manager of the Rock Island System. He is fifty-two years of age, and for thirty years has held positions as engineer on a number of different railroads in

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the West. His greatest work was in the construction of the Rocky Mountain Division of the Great Northern Railroad, which is said to be one of the finest pieces of road in the world. Mr. Shonts, Chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, in describing the qualifications necessary for a chief engineer, said of Mr. Stevens: "I have the utmost confidence in Mr. Stevens. He is an engineer of unquestioned ability, but he is far more—he is a man with executive capacity of an exceptional character. What we need on the Isthmus is a leader of men, a man who knows how to drive, what to expect from his subordinates, and how to enlist their enthusiasm and support; a man who will not waste his time figuring out technical details, but who will delegate that work to the board of expert engineers selected for that purpose, while he keeps his attention riveted on the larger end to be accomplished. That is the kind of man I believe John Stevens to be." The fact that Mr. Stevens has received several flattering offers since he accepted the position as Government expert in the Philippines, and that he would not listen to any of them, gives assurance to the Administration and to the country that he will not desert his post. On Thursday of last week Mr. Shonts and Mr. Stevens sailed from New York for the Isthmus. They were accompanied by W. E. C. Nazro and Edward A. Moffett, who have been selected, on the recommendation of the Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation, to prepare plans for providing recreation and improving the conditions of living for the Government employees in the Canal Zone. In order that the builders of the Canal shall be able to work with the greatest efficiency, it is important that they have opportunities for outdoor exercise, athletic games, indoor amusements, and social intercourse. It is proposed to erect club-houses, with every facility for reading and for all kinds of games and indoor amusements, and to lay out tennis-courts, baseball fields, and grounds for other athletic sports suitable to the climate. The whole purpose is to secure the physical and mental welfare of the men who for a long time to come will work and live in a climate and under conditions to which they have been entirely unaccustomed.

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The Hooker Case The New York Legislature has declined to sustain the charges of improper conduct against Justice Warren B. Hooker, and he will therefore have the legal right to complete his term on the bench. This term will continue for more than eight years to come. It has been suggested in some quarters that because of the very strong expressions of criticism on his conduct which have been made by members and associations of his own profession, Justice Hooker may resign; but this is hardly to be expected, and would not be in line with his seeming indifference to public sentiment in all the earlier stages of this case. The resolution removing Justice Hooker from office was defeated in the lower branch of the Legislature, although a majority of the votes were in favor of removal. The actual vote was seventy-six for removal and sixty-seven for retention in office, but under the rules it was necessary to have one hundred votes in opposition to make the resolution effective. The Senate was relieved from the necessity of voting on the case by the failure of the Assembly to pass the resolution. It must be concluded that the attitude of those who voted against the removal of Justice Hooker was that they saw no impropriety in a judge's taking an active part in partisan politics. It is freely admitted that he asked for several political offices for personal friends from the Departments at Washington, and that in conjunction with certain Washington officials, some of whom at least have been seriously discredited, he obtained appointments for personal reasons rather than for the benefit of the public service. To many this conduct appears decidedly unfit for a judge, however common it may be with a local politician. It must be assumed also that the members of the Legislature who defeated the proceedings against Justice Hooker accepted as sustained his assertions that he had no responsibility for the further fact that in some cases the men appointed by his influence

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rendered no service, and that the Government was defrauded in that it paid out salaries with no return. Still another charge was brought against Justice Hooker, to the effect that he or members of his family personally shared in the money received in this way from the Government. This he strenuously denied, and the decision of the Legislature must be taken to mean that his contention in this regard was accepted as proven. That political and personal sympathy combined to render the Legislature not judicial can hardly be questioned by those who have followed its reported proceedings. Acquitted but not vindicated is the interpretation which the New York "Tribune," a journal of the same political faith as that held by Justice Hooker, puts upon this action, and with this interpretation The Outlook agrees. Says the "Tribune:"

Justice Hooker is acquitted. It can hardly be said, however, that he is vindicated. An actual majority in the lower house voted for his removal. More than half of the members of the Assembly—in spite of influences which must have strongly inclined them to leniency and charity—have gone on record as believing that he is morally disqualified to hold his office. We do not doubt that more than a bare majority of the voters of the State concur in that opinion. Justice Hooker has lost the confidence of the public, and in the face of the Assembly's vote—technically abortive though it is—it is hard to see how he can expect to enjoy the respect and honor which should attach to any one discharging high judicial functions.

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Ex-Secretary Lamont

"I have served under a number of Secretaries of War," said an army officer the other day, "but two of those Secretaries are as fine gentlemen as I ever met. I couldn't tell which was finer—Daniel Lamont or Elihu Root." The first of those gentlemen passed away last week at his country home near Millbrook, New York. Coming close after Secretary Hay's death, that of Daniel Scott Lamont is peculiarly noteworthy. Both men had many of the same qualities—modesty and quietness of manner, an entire self-poise and calm, a shrinking from public notice, no "play to the galleries," a horror of the superficial and the hurried, a confidence in character first and in ability second, a strict adherence to businesslike methods, a real love of hard work, and a lofty fidelity to friends and principle. Mr. Lamont began life as a clerk in his father's store in the village of Cortlandville, New York. Within half a day's drive, at Fayetteville, another young man, Grover Cleveland, was similarly earning his first livelihood. Young Lamont worked his way through school and academy. He obtained admission to Union College and was graduated there. He accepted a position as Clerk of the New York State Assembly. He was chosen delegate to the Democratic State Convention. He stoutly supported Tilden against Tweed and Tammany. He became legislative reporter for the Albany "Argus," finally rising to the position of managing editor. He favored Mr. Cleveland's nomination for the Governorship, but the two men had no personal acquaintance prior to the election. From the first moment of their meeting a mutual liking arose. Mr. Cleveland made Mr. Lamont his military secretary, with the title of Colonel, and later his private secretary, a position retained when Mr. Cleveland became President. Congress passed a bill, largely for the popular incumbent, to raise the salary of the President's private secretary. Mr. Lamont, however, refused to accept the $7,000 of back pay which the law authorized. When Mr. Cleveland again became President, he chose Mr. Lamont as his Secretary of War. In the words of a veteran, "Up to Lamont's time we never had a better man in our Department." A like tribute will be paid to him as director in the financial and transportation companies in which, after his retirement from public office, he became interested. As a railway president said of him recently, "Every one trusts Dan Lamont."

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A Hindu Visitor

Last week there arrived in New York a Hindu of great learning and high position, the Hon. P. Ramanáthan. Since 1892 he has been Solicitor-General of Ceylon. His distinction, however, is due less to his official position under the

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British Government than to his service as a religious leader. Although loyal to the ideals of Hinduism, as expressed in the sacred writings of India, he has been a student of Christianity and the Christian Scriptures. He has written and published commentaries on the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John. Coming from the hand of a man recognized in his own land as a sage, these commentaries have called the attention of other wise men of the East to the Bible, and, partly at least as a result, learned countrymen of his are translating the books of the Bible into the Indian vernaculars. Mr. Ramanáthan finds that his own religious ideals are not hostile to those of the New Testament as he reads it. He has come to spend several months in this country, lecturing first at the summer institution, Green Acre, at Eliot, Maine, and later visiting some of the principal cities of America. Those who know him count him especially fitted to present to the people of this land the religious ideas and ideals of the East. Mr. Ramanáthan's career, it seems to us, is an illustration of the fact that the spirit of Christianity has penetrated Indian life far more deeply than have the institutions of Christianity, and suggests to those who desire the triumph of Christianity, because they esteem it the truth, that there may be a better way of bringing that triumph about than by the ruthless destruction of other ancient faiths.

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The American Library Association

The meeting of the American Library Association held in Portland, Oregon, July 4–8, was a source of great inspiration to library workers of the Pacific coast. Not only did the East meet the West, but the Western workers were themselves drawn together in closer union, and mutual helpfulness and good-fellowship were the keynote of the meetings. One of the most notable and inspirational of the addresses was that delivered by Mr. John Cotton Dana, of the Newark (New Jersey) Free Public Library, on the subject "What State and Local Library Associations Can Do for Library Interests." The session devoted to children's libraries was especially interesting. The question of trained library service was well threshed out, much emphasis being laid upon the necessity for natural adaptability and thorough training for the work. As the function of the public library has become more educational in its nature the old policy of employing local helpers irrespective of fitness is most emphatically frowned down. This session was probably the most fruitful of all, with the exception of the one dealing with library administration. This question was discussed in detail after careful consideration of plans and methods, essentials and non-essentials. The report of the League of Library Commissions included several interesting papers. The number of State Library Commissions is growing, and by a recent act of Legislature Oregon has been added to the list. The State has been most fortunate in securing the services of Miss Cornelia Marvin for the secretaryship. Miss Marvin is especially strong in equipment, coming, as she does, from work in Wisconsin, one of the foremost States in free library work. Eastern visitors were much interested in "Notes on Pacific Libraries," including reports from California, the British Northwest, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines. The meetings, as a whole, were a revelation to Eastern librarians of the struggle against obstacles through which their Western brothers are passing, and at the same time an inspiration to the men and women who are working in the more isolated portions of our country. The Middle West probably contributed the most practical helpfulness to the meeting by its wealth of suggestion—the Interior States being best able, through experience, to understand existing conditions on the Pacific coast.

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Oahu College, Punahou, Hawaii

An illustrated pamphlet from Honolulu describes the commemoration of an event dating back into the dark and barbarous days of Hawaii. In 1829, nine years after the landing of the American missionaries, Boki, the Governor of Oahu, the island on which Honolulu

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stands, gave his teacher, the Rev. Hiram Bingham, a large tract of land, where Mr. Bingham built a cottage, and subsequently devoted the whole estate to educational uses. Here now stand Oahu College and Punahou Preparatory School, with buildings that would be ornamental to any of our towns. On the site where the Bingham cottage stood a large boulder has been placed, bearing this inscription:

> ON THIS SPOT STOOD THE HOME OF THE REV. HIRAM BINGHAM, WHO GAVE THIS BROAD ESTATE TO THE CAUSE OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

At the unveiling of this memorial addresses were made by the Rev. O. L. Gulick, the oldest living student of Punahou; Mr. Lorin A. Thurston, grandson of the Rev. Asa Thurston, who was Mr. Bingham's associate; Judge Dole, son of the first principal of Punahou, and the Rev. Hiram Bingham, D.D., son of the donor of the land, himself a veteran missionary in the Pacific. Seven ladies, descendants of the first missionaries, then garlanded the stone with wreaths. Punahou pupils served the Union in our Civil War, and have promoted civilization and religion in many lands. It was announced that of $150,000 now needed for the enlargement of the college, one-half had already been subscribed.

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The Russian Problem

We give on another page an abstract of the Constitution for Russia proposed by the liberals as the cable reports it through the Associated Press. In the main it adopts the principles of the English Constitution. Coupled with the resolutions which accompanied it, this proposed Constitution looks toward a monarch with limited powers, an independent judiciary, law and legal rights secured to all the people, two legislative houses (one representing the common people), freedom of press, freedom of assemblage, freedom of discussion. The English Constitution presents an admirable ideal for the Russian people. But even if we could imagine the opposition of the bureaucracy overborne and the Constitution adopted, the Russian problem would not be solved. Russia confronts in the twentieth century a problem which western Europe has been struggling with ever since Christianity brought to it the democratic ideals of the Old Testament. The conflict in Russia is not merely political; it is no less industrial and religious. It is a conflict between two irreconcilable conceptions of human society—the autocratic and the democratic, the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin, the Hebrew and the Pagan.

I. The Russian bureaucrat believes that the few are born booted and spurred to drive, the many saddled and bridled to be driven. This is an honest conviction, and therefore the more difficult to overcome. He is quite sure that the mass of the peasantry are unable to govern themselves; and in that he is probably right. He is equally sure that it is his divine prerogative to govern them; in that he is certainly wrong. But because the Russian bureaucracy has proved itself incompetent, it does not follow that a Russian democracy would prove itself competent. And to transfer the power of government from an incompetent oligarchy to an incompetent democracy would involve disastrous consequences, as America proved in the Reconstruction period, and as France proved in the revolutionary decade which followed the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty. What, then, shall Russia do? If she were to transfer the power from the bureaucracy to the landowners, under her present landed system she would simply enlarge the oligarchy. If she were to attach an educational qualification to the suffrage, since education in Russia has been confined to a class, political representation would still be confined to a class. How to pass from autocracy to democracy with the least possible peril to the State is Russia's political problem. And it is made more difficult by the fact that among the liberal leaders are not a few doctrinaires who are liable to blunder into peril just because they refuse to foresee it.

II. But the conflict industrial is not less serious than the conflict political.

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Russia's agricultural system is still essentially feudal. Serfdom is abolished, but the cultivators of the soil are practically attached to the soil. There is no true freedom of contract. Yet by the side of the feudal labor system has grown up a factory system borrowed from western Europe. With this have come freedom of contract, a modern wage system, the organization of both capital and labor, and the resultant conflicts between the two. These two systems cannot long co-exist in the same community. The restlessness of the factory is communicating itself to the farms. For this there is but one apparent remedy—the ownership of the land by the cultivators of the soil. Only thus is the freedom of agricultural industry secured.

The peasants are right in their growing feeling that somehow they must become the owners of the soil. It is probable that to the well-being of the Russian people it is as essential to break up Russian landlordism as it is to overthrow the Russian bureaucracy. In our own Southern States the old landowners have been gradually selling off their land to negro cultivators of the soil; in Ireland English statesmen have devised a plan for enabling the tenantry to become the landowners. On the success of these movements depends the future prosperity of our Southern States and of Ireland respectively. Nor is it easy to see how Russia can expect industrial peace and prosperity except as the result of some analogous distribution of the land among the actual cultivators of the land. But as yet we have seen little indication that any recognized Russian leaders are seriously considering how such a land distribution can be accomplished. There are radicals clamorous for an instant abolition of private ownership of land; there are bureaucrats insistent on the retention of ancient privilege. But of statesmen discussing the problem of methods—how to pass from industrial feudalism to industrial democracy without injustice and without industrial revolution—we do not hear reports.

III. The object of the religion of pagan Rome was not to teach men their duties to one another, nor to inspire them with good will toward their fellowmen. It was to placate the wrath of angry gods by sacrifice or to win the favor of corruptible gods by bribes. The Jewish-Christian religion was founded on the faith that God is a righteous Person and that he demands righteousness of his children and demands nothing else. The Russo-Greek Church partakes of the character of Roman paganism. There is very little attempt to teach the people their duties to one another. There is very little attention paid to the affairs of this life. Its religion is one of rites and ceremonies; the duties it inculcates are performed in church; the spirit it inspires is an ecclesiastical spirit; the self-sacrifice to which it summons the peasant is an expiatory sacrifice to God or to the saints, not a patriotic or philanthropic sacrifice to his fellow-men. Religion and practical life are not related to each other. As a result, while the offices of religion are performed with punctiliousness, the officers of religion are regarded with scant respect. Says Mr. Melinkoff in a secret report to the Grand Duke Constantine: "Why do the people not respect the clergy? Because it forms a class apart; because, having received a false kind of education, it does not introduce into the life of the people the teaching of the Spirit, but remains in the mere dead forms of outward ceremonial, at the same time despising these forms even to blasphemy because the clergy itself continually presents examples of want of respect to religion, and transforms the service of God into a profitable trade."[1] Doubtless there are exceptions in the priesthood, but, speaking generically, in Russia the priests are not teachers, the Church is not inspirational; religion is a repression, not an education.

To a people trained for centuries in this pagan atmosphere of a ceremonial and expiatory religion comes such a prophet as Tolstoy, with such an interpretation of Christianity as is contained in "My Religion"—an interpretation simple, human, fraternal, purely ethical, theologically agnostic, not scholarly, in passages impracticable, but always ideal-

[1] Quoted by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace in his "Russia," pp. 57, 58.

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istic. How to impart to this humanized Christianity that spirit of reverent devotion without which no purely ethical system has ever proved itself powerful enough to control the passions of mankind, and how to give it circulation among a people who cannot read, who are without teachers, and whose past traditions and present ecclesiastical influences are all hostile, is Russia's religious problem.

In brief, Russia's problem may be summed up thus: How can she transfer political power from a corrupt few to the uneducated, untrained many, without suffering a period of political chaos? How can she escape from a condition of feudal industry into one of free contract, and from one of landed monopoly into one of distributed land, without a period of pillage, rapine, arson, and violent confiscation? How can she pass from a worship of ikons and relics to a religion of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, without a period of absolute irreligion, with a resultant irreverence toward God and disregard of human rights? Alas for the Russian people: struggling toward political freedom, but without a Cavour; toward industrial freedom, but without a Lincoln; toward religious freedom, but without a Luther!

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Teachers' Salaries

Last week, in an editorial on the "Educational Progress of the Year," we referred to the inadequacy of teachers' salaries and the preliminary movement toward an increase of them. The Outlook desires to record itself as heartily in favor of a general increase both for public school teachers and for college instructors.

The estimate which Americans put upon the real value of services is not to be measured by the money which they pay for them. Because a professional *chef* sometimes receives a higher salary than a college president we are not to conclude that America values a good dinner more than a good education. Yet the relative incomes derived from commercial and educational industries are not without their significance. Social conditions are such that the greatest of our teachers gets but a salary of a few thousand dollars a year, while the greatest of our captains of industry makes perhaps a hundred million dollars in fifty years—that is, receives an income of two million dollars a year—which involves too great a disproportion between commercial and educational values.

It is not desirable that either the Church or the State should bid against industrial enterprises—and for a very simple reason. A man may be a successful leader of industry who measures his success by the pecuniary reward it gives to him; but no man can be a successful soldier, or statesman, or teacher, or preacher who adopts any such standard. No one wishes to see such pecuniary rewards offered by the civil service, the school, or the Church as will entice into it men chiefly by hope of pecuniary reward. No one supposes that Henry Ward Beecher ought to have received as preacher and lecturer an income five times as great as he did receive, because as a jury lawyer he would easily have made that amount; no one wishes to see the Nation paying to Mr. Root as Secretary of State an income approximating that which he surrendered when he became Secretary of State. But just because the teacher, the preacher, and the publicist should be enabled to dismiss financial considerations and devote themselves wholly to the service to which the public calls them, the public should furnish an income on which they can live with comfort and dignity. And this now the public does not do.

Harvard University has the reputation of being one of the richest universities in America. Probably the reputation is not just, but in material equipment it certainly compares favorably with any university in the country; yet the average salary it pays its teachers is $1,570 a year each. Perhaps it will give the reader a juster conception of the facts if we say that it pays its full professors an average of $3,980, the larger number receiving but $2,000 a year each, and its instructors an average of $990, the larger number receiving $1,000 a year each. It can hardly be necessary to say that on these figures few instructors can

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marry, and all but a score of the highest-paid professors must practice close economy. What is the average paid to our public school teachers we do not know, and the information would not be very important, since general averages are misleading. But teachers' salaries are generally barely adequate for self-support, and often inadequate, and must be eked out by other means.

This is not due to a niggardly spirit in the American people. It is due to an erroneous popular estimate of values. Money is given to colleges for buildings which too often increase the poverty rather than the wealth of the institution, since the building is wholly valueless without teachers to carry on the educational work in it, and he who has given the money to erect the building has not given money to equip it with the means of life. As one travels through the country he sees everywhere in our larger towns fine school buildings, which speak well for the educational ambition of the community; but if he were to inquire he would find everywhere inadequately paid teachers, a fact which speaks ill for the community's educational intelligence. This is partly due to the fact that every one sees the building and takes a pride in it, and few inquire as to the salaries paid to the teachers, and few therefore are humiliated. Hence the school board is equally apt to be generous in its provision of bricks and mortar, and economical in its provision of blood and brains. In settling the question of salaries it is far more apt to ask how little it can pay and get a teacher than how much it ought to pay to render the teacher free to give the school his best service. The recent successful movement to provide an endowment fund for the teachers' salaries in Yale and Harvard is an encouraging indication; the movement ought to be taken up not only by the alumni of other colleges, but by the community in general, in a resolve to secure for the teaching profession in the United States a salary sufficient to make it possible for those who are attracted to that profession by other than pecuniary motives to live in it with reasonable comfort, without financial anxiety, and with self-respect.

Christianity Illustrated by a Contrast

The distinctive characteristics of the Christian religion, perhaps we should rather say the Christian theology, are sometimes to be seen with greater clearness by comparing them with the characteristics of what is often regarded as a cognate religion. Judaism is a *quasi* Oriental religion, and if the same cannot be said of Christianity, which in its intellectual forms partakes of Oriental, Greek, and Roman habits of thought, it is in its structure, and in the mental habit of its first apostles, at least as Oriental as Occidental. And yet in its fundamental tenets it differs radically from that religious philosophy of the East with which it is perhaps most frequently compared.

This reflection is suggested by a perusal of a recent interesting volume by Baba Premanand Bharáti, entitled "Sree Krishna, the Lord of Love." The author dates his preface from New York City, and the book is published by the Krishna Somaj of that city, facts curiously illustrating the cosmopolitan character of our American life. In this article our object is not so much to tell our readers what are the fundamental tenets of Brahmanism, as by contrast with the author's interpretation of Brahmanism to illustrate the fundamental tenets of Christianity.

According to our author, then, the one common object for us all is pleasure. "We are ever striving, all of us, every minute, to find that one blessing which ever eludes our grasp, ever misses our ken, ever deludes us like the will-o'-the-wisp—the one object of our desire, of predominant, spontaneous, practical, rational interest—Unmixed, Unbroken Happiness." We once had this perfect happiness in Krishna, who is "Perfect State of Love or Bliss—that is ever drawing us to Itself." We lost this happiness when, with other atoms, we were thrust out of Krishna to form a universe. We shall recover that happiness only when we are drawn back into Krishna and are lost again in Him. Creation began when the Lord who was One willed to be many, and the manifoldness which is called creation, and the rhythm

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of its motion which is called time, appeared. The movement of time has been from good to bad and from bad to worse. The Golden Age is in the past; the Iron or Dark Age lies before us in the oncoming future. In the Golden Age men and women existed in an ecstasy which required little and sought for little. They ate but little, hungered but little, needed but little rest. They were a part of nature; in that state they "feel a Oneness which only the most sublimated souls, who have realized their at-oneness with the all-pervading Spirit, can feel. All humanity feels as one man."

Next to the Golden Age came the Silver Age, and with it individual consciousness. "Before this all of them live truths unconsciously; now they live the truths consciously." Contemplation begins to give place to activity, and activity destroys harmony and calmness by making the mind active with thoughts of many objects. During the Golden Age the mirror is turned inwards to itself; in the Silver Age it is turned outwards to external objects. Now men begin to build houses, wear clothes, eat cooked food, and enter on housekeeping.

Now is born the caste system. Some retain in the Silver Age the habit of the Golden Age, and dwell in contemplation. Others become rulers of men, but rule wisely and righteously according to inspired codes of law. Others, a lower caste, take to agriculture, commerce, and other forms of industry dealing with material things. Thus men are formed into different grades. Simultaneously with the caste system comes a progressive pupilage in which the supreme attainment is drawing the student's mind away from the world and turning its vision inward upon itself.

It is not necessary for our purpose here to follow this author further in his analyses of Brahmanism. We have gone far enough to indicate the following as five fundamental tenets of Brahmanism. First: Happiness is the legitimate and necessary object of existence. Second: Quiescence is the secret of happiness, activity is the secret of misery. Third: The Golden Age of quiescence lies in the past; the history of the human race is one of degeneracy. Fourth: The measure of personal character is success in escaping activity, in quenching desire and living quiescent. Fifth: The method of attaining perfection is forgetting all outside ourselves, and turning our thoughts in upon ourselves in a life of contemplation.

At every one of these points Christianity is the antipodes of Brahmanism.

Christianity bids us seek character, not happiness. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," is the Master's direction. It therefore bids us seek opportunities for service, and this the great Leader did. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." The Master therefore desires the cross and inspires his followers with a like desire. "We glory in tribulation," says one of the Master's followers: "knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed." Doubtless the Christian Church has often tried to inspire men to accept present sorrow by the promise that it would give them future joy. Doubtless many a Christian in the spirit of Peter has said, "We have forsaken all to follow thee; what shall we have therefore?" But the Christian doctrine is that character, not happiness, is to be the object of our search—for ourselves and for our fellows.

Repose, therefore, is not the end of life. Life is its own end. Activity, which Brahmanism counts the greatest evil and the mother of evils, Christianity counts the greatest good and the mother of good. To be eager, earnest, aspiring, and ever more and more eager, earnest, aspiring, this is the goal which Christ puts before his followers. Rest is a means, life is an end; rest is temporary, life is eternal. "I have come," says the Master, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The Golden Age of Christianity therefore is in the future, not in the past. The prophets of the Jewish Church habitually turned the thoughts of the people toward the future. The prophets of the New Testament do the same. The New

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Jerusalem is descending out of heaven among men; the process is a continuous one. Even the theology which believed in a literal fall in Eden never looked back to Eden, or expected or imagined its restoration. The history of the world as Christianity interprets it is a history of development; its end is the kingdom of God, when his will will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

The test of character, therefore, is conduct, not contemplation. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the Master's measuring-rod. Caste, according to form of service, is, for this reason, wholly inconsistent with the Christian philosophy. The Master was himself a carpenter, and known as the son of a carpenter. His greatest apostle was a tent-maker. And this was in harmony with the Jewish ideals: the great law-giver was a herdsman, the great poet-king a shepherd boy. Caste has again and again crept into Christendom, but never to abide. The Christian system and caste cannot long co-exist in the same society. Either Christianity overthrows the caste, or the caste stifles Christianity. For it is the essence of Christianity that men are to be measured, not by their vocation, but by the spirit which they put into their vocation, whatever it may be.

Finally, the Christian method of attaining perfection is not forgetting the outside world and giving one's self to self-contemplation. It is the reverse; it is forgetfulness of self in service of others. According to its teaching God is not thought, but love, and love is service; life is not contemplation of self, but love; and love is thought of others. Almost the last words of the Master emphasize this truth—the words addressed by him upon the cross to his mother and his beloved disciple: "Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother." The condition of the indwelling of God which the Master prescribed was not a life spent in an endeavor to contemplate God; it was this: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him." And this is his commandment: "That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

Perhaps this imperfect, but we hope not unjust, contrast between the spirit of Brahmanism as it is interpreted by one of its modern apostles, and the spirit of Christianity, may help some of our readers to see more clearly what the spirit of Christianity really is: Not happiness, but character, is the object of noble desire; not rest, but activity, is the aim of life; not to the past, but to the future, are we to look for its realization; not the form of our activity, but the spirit which actuates us, is the measure of character; not contemplation, but service, is the highway to perfection.

❀

The Spectator

Be it a bonbon or a bon mot, the Spectator can never rightly enjoy a treat alone. Having just now run upon an inexhaustible mine of amusement, he foresees that he shall not have an easy moment until he has shared the same with his friends, the readers of The Outlook. He takes no small credit to himself for having discovered the lode, for never was mine more noncommital on the surface. It called itself an encyclopædia of the national and international commerce of France and the United States. A grumbling postman handed out the bulky work over-heavy for all its paper covers; and the Spectator at once determined to loan the thing to some youthful builder of bonfires. A faint compulsion came over him, however, at the thought of consigning to flames so much laboriously wrought print; at least he would open the covers. He did so, and his eye fell promptly upon the last words of the preface, signed by a member of the French Academy: "I cease, but not, however, before noticing a singular merit which has struck me whilst reading this work. The same text figures, face to face, in the two columns, translated in the two languages. It is therefore by this means a precious manual of the practical use of the two idioms. It is only necessary to read the two texts to rapidly obtain, and so to speak without effort, a very efficient

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knowledge of practical English, of English as used in business. It is true it is neither the English of Shakespeare, nor even of Milton!—but it is English all the same!"

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"Here," quoth the Spectator, "is a priceless opportunity to test the virtues of translation—to see whether Babel has really gone for naught. Let us inspect this English which is not that of Shakespeare or of Milton and yet is English all the same." He looked, and what he saw made him wince to think that he himself had ever ventured among the verbal pitfalls of a foreign tongue. Verily, straight and narrow is the path of idiomatic inerrancy! Any one may cast his eyes over a report, but it will scarcely do to "throw" them, as does the editor of "Le Répertoire Général." Neither will it do to declare that the Mississippi throws itself into the Gulf of Mexico. One may forge iron, but it looks odd if, with the aforesaid editor, one speaks of "iron forgery." To "emit" is properly enough translated "issue," and yet the American in the street does not say that the government emits bank-notes, and he opens his eyes if you call his climate "excessive." Such are national whims.

❀

Behold to what a dire pass a man may be brought by a too trustful dependence upon the dictionary! This is the Frenchman's English definition of an incandescent light: "A filament of coal rendered dazzling by the passage of a current and shut in a blister!" Here again is his account of a grain elevator, a structure said to look like a church—an American church, one wonders?—"at" which one brings one's corn: "A large strap with cups is constantly taking the grains upstairs to the granaries"—the bins—"whence it descends into a wooden canal"—the leg—"into a waggon"—the train—"placed below at the moment of expedition"! And the owners of grain elevators, will it not interest them, those millionaires of the lake ports, to find themselves figured in "Répertoire Général" as "elevator men," precisely as if they said, "Going up!" momently in the shaft of a department store?

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The Spectator exults in the simplicity of the French picture of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange. It is easy to see that the Gallic reporter was not himself a plunger. He says: "Here all the grain and flour dealers of St. Louis meet daily; here they elbow each other out, greet each other, and exchange briefly one or two words. At the further end of the hall is a kind of corbeille, where agitation is extreme; speculators' gestures and shouts would give the impression of a *strange assembly*. The members take down hastily some notes, and continually send off telegrams." Having unearthed this delicious bit of innocence, the Spectator turned eagerly to the index to find the description of the Chicago packing establishments. It was written, as he had hoped, wholly from the standpoint of the beasts packed, speaking feelingly of "grim executioners," and "lamentable pigs, losing their last drops of blood without a murmur." There was the usual sprinkling of choice scraps of English, such as "the beast *throughs* in five hand," and "four dressers climb stools, and dress the *bruises!*" But the Spectator was by this time hardened to such novelties, and thirsted for bigger game.

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He was not disappointed. Toward the close of the paragraphs on the slaughter-houses appeared these crushing words: "A total absence of comfort or luxury reigns in these establishments!" Shades of Chicago! Does the French porker then yield up his last breath to slow music? Before the Spectator's lips ceased to twitch over this odd indictment, his eye fell on a sentence which sobered him in a trice. It was this: "The packing-house business is characteristically American in its nature, proceedings, and results: brutal, rough, rapid, and in general giving good profits." "Oh, come now!" said the indignant Spectator, "that passes a joke!"

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There is nothing more risky than international eavesdropping. Whenever

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by hap one comes upon the honest opinion of neighboring peoples, one's American pride is pretty sure to be wounded. The Spectator once dropped in, "quite unbeknownst," to a meeting of Canadian patriots, and his ears tingled well for his pains. The talk turning upon the eternal question of annexation, the patriots put forward, among other objections, the unwisdom of allegiance with a nation so inherently disorderly as the Americans. The Spectator was prepared to hear "lynching" follow this premise; but he was quite unready for what came next. The speaker of the evening proceeded to trace the lynching spirit to its source, which was—who could have guessed it?—in the breast of Samuel Adams and John Hancock! According to his assertions, these, and all the other signers of the Declaration, were but a pack of lawbreakers, thieves, smugglers, and dishonest debtors, who for their sins desired to get out from under the avenging hand of King George. "Sprung from such knavish ancestry," wound up the orator, "what can you expect of the American people but a career of consistent lawlessness?"

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And now here are the French calling us names! And that in a book designed to stimulate Franco-American trade! Theoretically the Spectator had only to close the book to save his feelings; but it is so rare, this chance to see ourselves as others see us, that, feelings or no feelings, he searched further for French estimates of American character. "In America," said the editor, "there is no classing of society; a person is appreciated, not according to his birth, his education, or his refinement, but according to the total of his fortune. Fortune does not tempt an American merely by the comfort it brings, but for the facility it affords of *lancing* himself into further *entreprises*." All of which may be more or less within the facts, but does not look pretty in cold print. He goes on: "Properly speaking, there are no liberal professions, for if they exist, it is only in order to constitute a special kind of business." (The Spectator found himself wondering whether the French physician or lawyer ever permits himself to overlook his fee.) "But," the writer makes haste to add, "from the fact that the vital forces of the nation are directed toward trade, one must not surmise that education, even to the highest degree, is in disfavor in the United States. Colleges, normal schools, and high-class private schools give the various degrees of instruction, *but* the greater part of these establishments conform themselves to the American spirit, and have only as object technical and commercial education." Alack! is it thus that we look in a transatlantic perspective?

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It does but make the dose more unpalatable to note that it is proffered without the smallest notion of giving offense. The Frenchman, it would seem, has not contemplated the possibility of our doubting for a moment the justice of his strictures. He does but mention American failings for the enlightenment of his countrymen. For France, he conceives, must battle for her very commercial existence with these same debased Americans. "The great American Republic," he warns, "is now on the horizon of the commercial world, her front erect, even threatening, and on her is fixed the gaze of all. Beside her modern France appears even 'skimpy.'" And yet, behold how generous is Gaul! Though we of America constitute a menace more imminent than the Yellow Peril, France will stand our friend. And why? Because, forsooth, the richer and more bloated we become, the more demand we shall make for French luxuries! Says the "Répertoire Général:" "We have need of a general good humor; we address ourselves to smiling faces; our wines, our liqueurs, our knick-knacks, our hats, our gloves, our perfumery, all require well-to-do purchasers. Our wish is therefore sincere when we wish our friends 'Good luck.'"

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It gives the Spectator pause to remember that all this priceless *naïveté* came within scorching distance of the cinder-heap!

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The Destruction of the Baltic Fleet[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

WHEN two hostile fleets of nearly equal strength meet and fight in the open sea, and when, after an engagement of thirty hours, one of these fleets loses more than twenty vessels and is practically destroyed, while the other loses only three torpedo-boats and comes out of the battle with its strength almost unimpaired, one naturally inquires, "How did it happen? What were the reasons for the extraordinary power and efficiency of one combatant and the comparative weakness and helplessness of the other? Were the twenty Russian ships destroyed by gun-fire, by torpedoes, or by the two agencies in combination? Were submarines brought into action, and, if so, what part did they play? Were the Russians overwhelmed by a more accurate and destructive fire than they themselves could deliver, or did they become so excited, 'rattled,' and demoralized that their offensive power was virtually paralyzed? In short, what happened to them, and what is the true explanation of a defeat that amounted almost to complete annihilation?"

In order to get answers to these questions, I determined to apply first to the Russians themselves. They, certainly, would know from what agencies of destruction they had suffered most, and would be able to tell me what, in their judgment, were the reasons for their defeat. I could interrogate them in their own language, and it was quite likely that they would talk more freely and frankly with me than with Japanese naval officers or representatives of the Japanese press. I therefore made application at once to the Ministry of Marine for permission to go to the naval stations of Maizuru and Sasebo to visit there the captured Russian war-ships, and to talk with the surviving officers and men of Rojesvensky's fleet. It is not easy for a foreigner to get admission to Japanese naval stations, and although the Naval Board of Command encouraged me to hope that I should eventually be allowed to visit both of the places named, I had to wait a whole week for the necessary documents. Meanwhile, I obtained from the Ministry of War permits to visit the military prisons and talk with the Russian prisoners at Nagoya, Osaka, Ninoshima, Matsuyama, Moji, and other places on or near the Inland Sea.

On the 7th of June I left Tokyo by the Tokaido night express for Kyoto, obtained there as interpreter a bright young student from the Doshisha College, and on the following morning started for Maizuru by way of Osaka and the transinsular railway which connects that big commercial city with the coast of the Japan Sea. The weather was warm and pleasant, and as we rolled swiftly northward toward the crest of the insular divide, there were presented to us, in quick succession, scores of beautiful or interesting pictures of Japanese hamlets with clean, narrow streets and pyramid-roofed houses covered with mossy thatch; men and women in blue cotton clothing and broad, conical straw hats, busily engaged in reaping barley and hanging it up in bunches to dry on perpendicular gridirons of horizontal poles; bare-legged peasants raising water from a lower paddy-field to a higher one by treading on the buckets of a movable foot-power water-wheel; verdant seed-beds of untransplanted rice, where lanterns were still burning over tubs of water to attract and destroy rice-eating nocturnal insects; steep mountain slopes clothed in vivid green, and diversified here and there with red splashes of blossoming azaleas; and wild mountain gorges where white campanulas and pink morning-glories drooped from the rocks over swift rapids of malachite-green water streaked with snowy foam.

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After roaring through innumerable tunnels, and coming out into countless valleys framed in mountains and carpeted with small green or yellow parallelograms of growing rice or dead-ripe barley, we arrived, about two o'clock in the afternoon, at Maizuru. It became evident, as soon as we alighted from the train, that we had reached a part of Japan where foreigners were seldom seen. A throng of deeply interested spectators watched us as we got into our jinrikishas; bare-headed boys and girls ran along beside us, or pushed on ahead of us, shouting excitedly to their respective families to "come out and look;" men and women suspended their work and rushed to the doors of all the houses and shops; and when, after a ride of five minutes through the narrow but immaculately clean streets of this Japanese "Spotless Town," we drew up in front of the quaint little inn where we were to stay, a crowd of half a hundred people gathered in as many seconds and gazed at us with absorbed, unwinking curiosity, as if we were strange, wild beasts from Central Africa or Brazil. Mrs. Kennan, in particular, was an object of the deepest interest, and every detail of her unfamiliar dress was carefully scutinized and noted. Japanese crowds, however, are generally respectful and courteous. They may stare at you until you feel as if you were under a microscope, and some of the children may smile or giggle at the grotesqueness of your attire; but you will not be subjected to any rudeness or impertinence.

We were welcomed at the threshold of the inn by three little Japanese maids in kimonos and big sashes, who dropped on their knees at our approach, greeted us with a softly murmured "Ohio!" (good-morning), and helped us to take off our shoes. We were then shown into a large, clean room, which had windows of paper and a carpet of matting, but which contained no furniture except a lacquered table, ten or twelve inches in height, and a few stanzas of Japanese poetry, beautifully engrossed on rice-paper and hung in flat frames against the walls. In view of the strong probability that we should not be able to get much food that we could eat, it was a satisfaction to know that we might at least rest our bodies and refresh our souls by sitting on the floor and contemplating Japanese poetry. But we greatly underestimated the resources of that hotel. The little Japanese maids soon brought in a high table and two European chairs; we were served, at the proper time, with a fairly good supper of bread, fish, eggs, and coffee; and although we finally had to sleep on the floor, we were protected from nocturnal insects by a mosquito-net, fifteen feet square, of scarlet and bronze-green silk, which was delicate enough in texture and gorgeous enough in color to have deserved a place in the bedchamber of the Queen of Sheba.

At nine o'clock on the following morning we all started in jinrikishas for the naval station, which was about three miles distant from Old Maizuru, and which could not be seen from any part of the town. The broad macadamized road that led to it ran up a gentle incline between high, boldly sculptured hills to a huge transverse ridge which seemed to bar the way; then plunged into a dark, echoing tunnel about two hundred yards in length, and finally, emerging from the tunnel, descended a narrow, winding ravine to a mountain-encircled sheet of water which looked so much like a part of Loch Lomond that, if there had been no Japanese houses in the foreground, I might have imagined myself in Scotland. The only sign or suggestion of the sea that the mountain-cradled lake presented was the huge black bulk of the Russian battle-ship Orel, and even that seemed as much out of place as the White Star liner Celtic would seem if it were anchored in the middle of Lake Placid. That this apparently land-locked sheet of water was in communication with the Sea of Japan of course I knew; but I could not discover the outlet, nor form a conjecture as to its location. A more perfectly concealed and completely sheltered site for a naval station could hardly be imagined. From the side of the sea, as I subsequently ascertained, it was absolutely invisible, while on the land side it was protected by an encircling rampart of steep mountains, pierced by a single tunnel.

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Rattling down the last slope of the narrow, winding ravine, our jinrikishas finally came out into the village of New Maizuru, a broad street nearly half a mile in length, bordered by the one-story, open-front shops of petty Japanese traders and the thatched cottages of artisans and laborers employed by the Government in its dock-yards, store-houses, and magazines. At the end of this street we came to a high white wall, which seemed to inclose the naval station proper, and upon alighting from our jinrikishas and showing our pass to an armed sentry at the gate, we were allowed to enter the yard. It would manifestly be improper to write, for publication, a description of a naval station to which I was admitted by courtesy and in confidence. I shall only say, therefore, that upon presentation of my note of introduction to Commander Takashima, of the naval staff, I was taken by that officer, in a large steam launch, to the captured battle-ship Orel. At first sight the big Russian vessel looked like an old naval derelict which had been picked up at sea and towed into port. Her bottom, so far as it could be seen through the clear water of the bay, was incrusted with barnacles and green with the slime of submarine tropical vegetation; her sides, along the belt of heavy armor just above the water-line, were spotted with patches of rust where the black paint had been knocked or scraped off by the impact of shells; in the upper part of her hull, above the armor belt on the port side, there were three or four yawning chasms big enough to take in a wheelbarrow; both of her masts had been partly cut through by large projectiles; one of her yellow funnels had lost its top, while the other had a hole in it as big as a nail-keg; two large steam cutters, which she carried on chocks amidships, had been riddled and smashed by large shrapnel bullets and shells; her foretopsail yard had been partly cut from the slings and hung across the mast at an angle of forty-five degrees; and what little running rigging she carried aloft had been so torn to pieces by fragments of shells that it dangled from the spars in swaying ends and tatters.

But the injuries visible from the outside of the ship were not so striking nor so impressive to the imagination as the destruction that was everywhere apparent when we climbed a rope ladder to the upper decks and walked through the cabins, mess-rooms, turrets, and barbettes. The superstructure of the big vessel had been struck by forty-three large-caliber projectiles and perhaps as many more of smaller size, and there was hardly a square yard of surface, inside or out, that did not show damage. One of the huge twelve-inch guns on the port side of the forward turret had been broken short off about eight feet from the muzzle; a big perpendicular seam, or crack, had been made in one of the six-inch gun turrets, and the solid mass of steel at one side of this seam had been driven five inches out of place; two or three of the quick-firing guns in the lateral barbettes had been broken off, smashed, or dismounted, and in one place the inner steel wall of such a barbette was almost literally plastered with blood and small, half-dry fragments of human flesh.

So far as I could discover, the heavy armor of the turrets and of the hull just above the water-line had not been pierced; but through the thinner walls of the higher superstructure, through the port-holes of the cabins and mess-rooms, and through the embrasures of the small, lateral barbettes, shells had come in everywhere, and the destruction that they had wrought in the interior of the hull almost baffles description. The general appearance of the ship seemed to indicate that the Japanese in this engagement used three kinds of projectiles, viz., (1) pointed, armor-piercing solid shot of eight-inch to twelve-inch caliber; (2) shells of all sizes loaded with Shimose powder; and (3) heavy shells in which a bursting charge of Shimose was surrounded by concentric layers of very large shrapnel bullets, weighing about three ounces each. The projectiles that caused most damage to the Orel were numbers 2 and 3—Shimose shells and Shimose shrapnel. The explosive energy of the composition known to the Japanese as "Shimose" is about equal to that of blasting gelatine, and when it is fired by detonation, it

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tears its iron casing, not into a few large fragments, but into hundreds of small pieces, which range in weight from three or four pounds down to as many grains. I saw splinters at Maizuru that were hardly larger than the paring of a thumb-nail. These small fragments of iron fly in every direction with almost inconceivable velocity, find their way in at every crack, crevice, or loophole of a ship's defensive armor, and pierce or cut to pieces not only iron partition walls and decks, but speaking-tubes, electric wires, and every other medium of sending orders or transmitting power that is not protected by a heavy covering of steel. I hesitate to say how many holes, dents, bruises, and abrasions had been made in the superstructure of the Orel by fragments of these shells, but think I do not exaggerate when I estimate their number at a thousand. Some were holes in partition walls that were big enough to put one's fist through, some were dents four inches wide and two inches deep in iron plates, and some were merely scratches and scars such as would be caused by a handful of nickel coins fired out of an old-fashioned blunderbuss. One iron wall in the superstructure, which had a superficial area of only eighty or a hundred square feet, had been pierced, dented, or abraded in at least fifty places. Nearly all of the officers of the Orel were disabled by shell splinters of this kind. One of them had six wounds, another fourteen, and I have a photograph of a Russian sailor who had been hit by one hundred and thirty small fragments of a single shell. I lay particular stress upon the destructive power of these Shimose shells, partly because it impressed me more than anything else that I saw on the Orel, and partly because these projectiles were among the more important of the secondary agencies that brought about the destruction of the Baltic fleet. When every shell that bursts inside a ship or on her deck sets fire to everything that will burn and at the same time throws hundreds of small fragments in every direction, cutting, piercing, or smashing steam-pipes, speaking-tubes, electric wires, secondary engines, dynamos, ammunition channels, hoisting apparatus, gangway ladders, spars, rigging, and signal halyards, it becomes almost impossible to navigate the ship or work her guns, even though she be perfectly seaworthy. When the Orel surrendered, her belt of heavy armor had not been pierced; her main turrets had not been seriously injured; she had received no shots below the water-line; she had not been torpedoed, and her engines were intact; but sixteen deck officers out of eighteen had been killed or wounded; she had been on fire three times; and her thinly protected superstructure, outside of the turrets, was a chaos of smashed and tangled wreckage. She was seaworthy, but she could not fight.

Any naval power that attempts to cope with Japan must give the officers and gunners of its battle-ships better and more adequate protection from Shimose shell fragments than was afforded by the conning-tower, turrets, and barbettes of the Orel. The observation-slit of the latter's conning-tower was big enough to take in a 15-inch shell, and a Shimose projectile, of any size, bursting on or near the edge of it, would inevitably fill the tower with iron splinters, and might kill or disable every officer in that most important and vital part of the ship. The embrasures of the turrets, too, were very imperfectly shielded, and many officers were wounded by shell fragments that came in along the barrels of the guns. I am not a naval architect, and I do not know whether it is possible to protect embrasures and port-holes in such a way as to prevent splinters from coming in, and, at the same time, allow the officers and gunners to look out; but there certainly can be no good reason for having an opening eighteen inches wide in a heavily armored conning-tower. In a fight lasting half a day, the Japanese are likely to hit such a tower two or three times at a range of four miles, and a large Shimose shell, bursting against one edge of the observation-slit in the conning-tower of the flag-ship, might kill the commanding admiral and all of his assistants, and so derange the whole plan of battle. Something of this kind seems to have happened on the Kniaz Suvaroff, where Admiral Rojesvensky and many of his officers were disabled by shell splinters

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in the first two hours of the engagement.

At the time of my visit to the Orel, carpenters were already making wooden covers for the big shell holes in the hull, so that she might be taken to Sasebo without risk of water getting in, and a large force of men and women were clearing away wreckage, hoisting ammunition out of the magazine, disinfecting the lazaret, and cleaning the walls and decks. Owing to the fact that coal had been stowed away in every available hole and corner, the ship was extremely dirty; but scores of men and women were busily engaged in scraping, sweeping, and scrubbing, and it was evident that in the course of a week, at most, the wreckage would all be removed and the ship would be clean.

Among the many trivial but significant details of Japanese methods and management that I noticed, in going through the Orel, were strips of inscribed paper pasted over the doors of all the turrets, cabins, mess-rooms, and compartments of every kind, above and below. These strips bore the names of the particular rooms or subdivisions of the vessel to which the doors gave access, and were designed to facilitate the execution of orders. A Japanese coolie could not be expected to know by name all the different compartments of a big battle-ship; but he could read the written labels over the various passages and doors, and when he was directed to do something in the junior officers' mess-room or in the cabin of the chief engineer, he could find the place without difficulty and without asking any questions. It was a comparatively unimportant detail, but it saved a lot of confusion, and I could not help wondering whether, if we had captured a Spanish battle-ship, and were engaged in cleaning it up and putting it in order, we would have pasted a label over every door and passage as a guide to the men who were doing the work.

After I had obtained a fairly good idea of the big battle-ship and her condition, I was taken by Commander Takashima to see her wounded officers, who were quartered in an improvised hospital on the shore of the bay. There were about a dozen of them all together, and they represented almost every physical type of the educated Russian class. They were all young men, apparently twenty-five to thirty years of age, and some of them were strikingly handsome, even in their bandages and white hospital gowns. Most of them had been wounded in the head, but all except two or three were able to sit up and move about, and when I was introduced to them by name they crowded around me with intense, wondering interest, as if the sudden appearance of a Russian-speaking American in that unfrequented part of Japan was an event so extraordinary as to be almost incredible.

Uncertain as to the reception that they would give me if they should happen to connect me mentally with my "politically untrustworthy" Russian record, I described myself merely as a war correspondent of The Outlook, and explained my knowledge of their language by stating that I had traveled in Siberia and the Caucasus. They soon recognized and placed me, however, as the author of "Siberia and the Exile System," and then, instead of looking at me askance, they became more cordial and friendly than ever.

"Why, we know you perfectly well, Mr. Kennan!" said one of them, eagerly. "I got a copy of your famous book, years ago, in Helsingfors."

"I've read it too," said another. "I bought a copy in Germany, but it has been translated even into Russian."

"Then you don't regard me as a dangerous criminal," I said, laughingly. "The last time I visited St. Petersburg I was arrested by order of the Minister of the Interior and sent out of the Empire under guard. I give you due warning that I am not a safe man to associate with."

"Well," replied a third officer, who was standing in the background, "there are a good many 'dangerous criminals' of the same kind in Russia, and perhaps some of us are not wholly innocent. Anyhow, we're all glad to see you."

We then plunged into a discussion of the recent naval battle, which was the thing most interesting to us all. I gave them what information I could with regard to the fate of their comrades on the

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other ships of the fleet, and they described to me as much of the fight as they had been able to see from the conning-tower, turrets, and decks of the Orel. I shall not attempt in this article to report in detail my conversation with these officers, but shall embody the information that I received from them in a short but connected story of the fight, and shall then give the reasons that they assign for the destruction of their fleet. Taken in connection with the condition of the Orel, as I observed it, those reasons seem to me completely satisfactory and absolutely conclusive.

When the Baltic fleet left the coast of Annam, on its way to Vladivostok, Admiral Rojesvensky had no accurate information with regard to the whereabouts of the Japanese squadrons. They might all be concentrated in the Tsushima Strait, between Japan and Korea, or they might be watching, in three separate detachments, the three channels that give access to the Sea of Japan, viz., Tsushima, Tsuguru, and La Perouse. Thinking that Togo would not dare to leave wholly unguarded the two northern passages, which are nearest to Vladivostok, Rojesvensky assumed that the Japanese fleet had been divided into three sections, and that, on any route which he might select, he would probably have to deal with only one of them. As the navigation of the two northern channels—Tsuguru and La Perouse—was likely to be dangerous in the month of May on account of fog, as the route to Vladivostok by way of the Korean channel was the shortest, and as the Russian ships might not have coal enough to carry them entirely around Japan, Rojesvensky decided to proceed to his destination by the safest, most direct, and most easily navigated route, viz., through the wide strait of Tsushima, which separates Japan from Korea. All the officers of the Orel agree in stating that they expected to meet in this strait only one-third of the Japanese fleet, and that they hoped to be able to defeat this third—or at least partially disable it—before the other two detachments could come to its assistance from the straits of Tsuguru and La Perouse.

Admiral Togo, however, did not divide his fleet. Anticipating, with acute prescience, the reasoning and the decision of the Russian commander, he concentrated his whole force in the Tsushima Strait, and concealed it so perfectly in unfrequented harbors at the southern end of Korea that nobody ever saw it or discovered its location. I myself believed that it was hidden in the mountain-sheltered, almost land-locked bay of Sasebo; but it seems to have had its main base near Masampho, Korea. The arrangements made for discovering the approach and reporting the movements of the Russian fleet were as comprehensive and perfect as possible. All along the southwestern coast of Japan signal stations had been established on prominent islands and on the tops of high mountains, and every one of these "watch-towers," as they were called, was connected by telephone either with Sasebo or with Maizuru. Fast scouting ships, equipped with wireless telegraph instruments, patrolled the entrance to the strait, and on the charts carried by them, as well as by all other vessels of the Japanese fleet, the whole stretch of water between Japan and Korea had been divided into small numbered squares, so that the exact location of the enemy at any moment might be designated by a number. There was no possibility of Rojesvensky's getting through the strait unobserved unless he should be favored by dense fog.

At five o'clock on the morning of Saturday, May 27, the scouting ship Shinano-maru reported by wireless telegraphy from the vicinity of Quelpart Island, "Enemy's fleet sighted in square 203. He seems to be steering for the East Channel" (the passage between Tsushima Island and the Japanese mainland, which is called on English charts Krusenstern Strait). The Japanese fleet, which was all ready for sea, left its Korean base at once. Admiral Togo himself, with four battle-ships and eight armored cruisers, took a northerly course in order to get ahead of the enemy and stop his progress at or near Oki Island (Okinoshima), while Admirals Kamimura, Uriu, Dewa, and Kataoka sailed in a southeasterly direction for the purpose of enveloping his rear. The offi-

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cers last named came into touch with the Russian fleet between Iki Island and Tsushima soon after ten o'clock; but as the Japanese plan of action did not contemplate an attack at that point, they merely kept the enemy in sight and reported to Admiral Togo by wireless telegraphy the number and disposition of his ships. Rojesvensky had in all thirty-eight vessels, and they entered the strait in two parallel columns, with the most important of the fighting ships placed in the following order:

LEFT COLUMN		RIGHT COLUMN
Battle-ships		*Battle-ships*
Oslabya	Zhemchug	Kniaz Suvaroff
Sissoi Veliki	Izumrud	Alexander III.
Navarin	Special service ships	Borodino
Nicholas I.		Orel
Armored cruiser	Auxiliary cruisers	*Armored cruisers*
Nakhimoff		Dmitri Donskoi
Coast Defense Armor-clads	Transports and Destroyers	Vladimir Monomach
		Protected cruisers
Seniavine		Oleg
Apraxine		Aurora
Oushakoff		Svietlana

The protected cruisers Zhemchug and Izumrud, with most of the special service ships, auxiliary cruisers, and destroyers, were between the two columns, as shown above.

The Russians, of course, saw on their left flank and in their rear the squadrons of Admirals Kamimura, Kataoka, Uriu, and Dewa, but, as these ships showed no disposition to attack, they (the Russians) were confirmed in their belief that only a part of the Japanese fleet was there, and that they should get through the strait without a serious fight. They remained under this delusion until half past one o'clock in the afternoon, when, to their great surprise, Admiral Togo, with four battle-ships and eight armored cruisers, appeared directly ahead. The wind at that time was blowing strongly from the southwest, there was a moderately heavy sea, and the air was so misty that objects could not be clearly seen at a greater distance than five or six miles. (This is the Russian estimate; Admiral Togo says twelve miles.)

At 1:55 P.M., when the flag-ships of the two fleets were a little more than four miles apart, Togo hoisted the following signal: "The fate of the Empire depends upon this battle. Let every man do his best." At two o'clock the Japanese squadrons on the flank and rear of the Russians closed in a little, and eight minutes later the fight began, Admiral Togo opening fire at a distance of about four miles. It became evident at once to the officers of the Orel that in the matter of marksmanship they were wholly outclassed. The fire of the Japanese was a little wild at first, but in a few minutes they got the range with surprising accuracy, and struck the leading battle-ships of the two Russian columns with almost every shot. Ten minutes after the fight began, a twelve-inch shell entered the forward turret of the Kniaz Suvaroff, burst there with terrific violence, exploded three or four rounds of ammunition that had just been brought up from the magazine, wrecked both guns, and blew the top of the turret completely off. In less than an hour the Russian flag-ship had lost one mast and both funnels, and had taken fire fore and aft; the Oslabya and the Alexander III. were also in flames; the Orel, the Sissoi Veliki, and the Borodino had been severely if not fatally injured; the Russian columns had been broken up and thrown into disorder; and the issue of the battle had been fully determined. In other words, the Baltic fleet had been overwhelmed and defeated, by gun-fire alone, in less than forty-five minutes. Most of the second-class Russian vessels were still in fighting condition, but the battle-ship section had lost more than half of its original efficiency, and there was no longer any doubt as to the outcome of the engagement. Some of Admiral Rojesvensky's ships might yet make their escape, but the main force of the fleet had been so shattered and broken that it could no longer hope for victory. Admiral Togo says, in his detailed official report, that "at 2:45 P.M. the result of the battle had been decided." And in this judgment the officers of the Orel virtually coincide. They frankly admit that they were overwhelmed from the very first by the accuracy and destructiveness of Admiral Togo's long-range gun-fire. The first of the Russian vessels to be destroyed was the battle-ship Oslabya, the flag-ship of the left column, which sank soon after three o'clock, as the result of injuries received

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from shells. The Japanese brought their torpedo-boats into action for the first time at 3:40 P.M., but did not succeed in doing any execution with them until 4:45, when the Hirose destroyer section gave the *coup de grace* to the Kniaz Suvaroff by striking her with a torpedo on the port side aft. As she was then in a sinking and utterly hopeless condition, Admiral Rojesvensky, who had already been wounded, transferred the command of the fleet to Rear-Admiral Nebogatoff, and was himself taken on board a destroyer. By this time the Russian formation had been completely broken, and the Japanese squadrons devoted the remainder of the day to the pursuit and destruction of its scattered fragments. At 6:40 P.M. the battle-ship Borodino, after having been subjected to a heavy fire from the Japanese main squadron, burst into flames and soon afterward sank in a great cloud of smoke. Almost at the same time the battle-ship Alexander III., which had been fatally injured by gun-fire, ran alongside the cruiser Admiral Nakhimoff and there capsized and disappeared.

At 7:28, when it grew dark, Admiral Togo, with his squadron of battle-ships, ceased firing and sent an order to the fleet to rendezvous, on the following morning, at the Ulleung Islands (Dagolet), off the coast of Korea. The Russian ships which remained together at that time and which still preserved a semblance of formation were the battle-ship Nikolai I. (Admiral Nebogatoff's flag-ship), the battle-ships Orel, Sissoi Veliki, and Navarin, the coast-defense armor-clads Apraxine, Seniavine, and Oushakoff, and the cruisers Nakhimoff and Izumrud. These ships, in the order named, fled northward, but they were subjected to torpedo attacks throughout the night, and were so broken up and dispersed that, on the morning of the 28th, only four of them remained together, viz., the Nikolai I., the Orel, the Apraxine, and the Seniavine. Upon being surrounded near the Liancourt Rocks (Takeshima) at 10:30 A.M. by the main Japanese force, this last cohering fragment of the Russian fleet surrendered. The fast cruiser Izumrud succeeded in breaking through the cordon and making her escape; but she eventually ran on the rocks at the entrance to Vladimir Bay and became a total wreck. At 11 A.M. on the 28th the detached and isolated cruiser Svietlana was discovered and sunk off Chukpyong Bay, Korea, by two of Admiral Uriu's ships, and at 4:45 in the afternoon the destroyer Biedovi, with Admiral Rojesvensky and many of his officers on board, was captured, forty miles southwest of the Ulleung Islands, by the Japanese destroyers Sazanami and Kagero. The Admiral Oushakoff was overtaken by Japanese cruisers at eight o'clock in the evening, and, after a short engagement, was sunk by gun-fire. In the course of the day, the Dmitri Donskoi, the Sissoi Veliki, and the Vladimir Monomach were found in different parts of the Japan Sea, but they had all been so much injured by torpedoes in the course of the previous night that they sank before prize crews could be put on board of them. On the morning of May 29 only four of the fighting ships of Admiral Rojesvensky's fleet remained unaccounted for, viz., the Almaz, the Oleg, the Aurora, and the Zhemchug. The cruiser first named reached Vladivostok, while the last three took refuge in Manila Bay. The fast cruiser Almaz, therefore, was the only vessel in the whole fleet that succeeded in getting through to a home port. Six thousand Russian officers and men were made prisoners, and many thousands more perished in the ships that were destroyed. The losses of the Japanese in this extraordinary engagement were three torpedo-boats sunk, three cruisers put temporarily out of action, one hundred and sixteen officers and men killed, and five hundred and thirty-eight wounded.

The reasons assigned by the Russian officers for their disastrous defeat are, briefly, as follows:

1. Insufficient information with regard to the whereabouts and disposition of Admiral Togo's ships.

2. The superior speed of the Japanese vessels, which enabled them to take the positions that were most advantageous, and to fight, throughout the engagement, at ranges of their own choosing. The Russian ships had been cleaned as well

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as it was possible to clean them without docking facilities, but their bottoms were still foul, and not one of them could make anything like its record speed.

3. The surprising and extraordinary accuracy of the Japanese gun-fire at long ranges. This, the officers of the Orel think, was the decisive factor in the contest. They agree in stating that their ships were overwhelmed and defeated by gun-fire long before a torpedo-boat was brought into action. The Kniaz Suvaroff, the Oslabya, the Alexander III., the Borodino, the Sissoi Veliki, the Admiral Oushakoff, the Sviet-lana, the Navarin, and the Orel were all disabled, primarily, by shells. Some of them were struck afterward by torpedoes, and finally sank as the direct and immediate result of the torpedo attack; but they had virtually been put out of action by gun-fire before the torpedo-boats appeared.

"At a distance of four miles," said Lieutenant X——, "the Japanese gunners seemed to hit us with almost every shot that they fired, and if you've been through the Orel, you know what they did to us. Our men had not had practice enough to shoot accurately at such ranges. We hoped that we might be able to crowd Togo's ships up toward the land on the Japan side of the strait, and so get nearer to them; but they were too fast for us. They circled around ahead of us, and knocked us to pieces at such long ranges that we were barely able to see them through the mist."

The officers of the Orel admit that the Japanese torpedo-boats rendered good service on the night of the 27th, after the Russian formation had been broken, but they insist that torpedoes played a wholly subordinate and secondary part in the engagement, and that Rojesvensky would have been defeated even if there had been no torpedo-boats or destroyers in Togo's fleet. "We were smashed, set on fire, and finally disabled," they say, "by projectiles which, in the beginning at least, were fired at very long ranges—ranges over which our gunners could do little or no execution. The Japanese torpedo practice, as a rule, was not good. They made hits only when they were close up to disabled ships."

4. The extraordinary efficiency and destructiveness of shells loaded with Shimose powder. I have already described the effects produced by these shells, and need only add here that the officers of the Orel fully confirmed my judgment with regard to them. They attribute the disabling of their ships largely to the explosive peculiarities of these projectiles.

5. The amount of interior woodwork in many of the Russian ships—particularly the battle-ships—and the presence of coal in bags on their decks. Everything combustible was set on fire by the Shimose shells, and the conflagrations that ensued demoralized the crews, distracted their attention from their proper work, and sometimes enshrouded the vessels in such dense clouds of smoke that the officers and gunners could see nothing whatever of the fight. "We suffered less from this cause than some of the other ships did," said Lieutenant X——, "because we had less woodwork, but even on the Orel everything seemed to burn, down to the very paint. In the first stage of the battle the Kniaz Suvaroff appeared to be burning, with a clear flame, from one end to the other."

6. The neutral gray paint of the Japanese ships, which, in the gray mist that hung over the sea on the 27th, made them almost invisible at distances of three and four miles. The Russian battle-ships were painted black.

Finally, the Russian officers attribute their defeat in general to good judgment and great skill on the Japanese side. "Looking at it from their point of view," said Lieutenant X——, "it would be hard to imagine a better-planned or better-fought battle."

Naval Station of Maizuru.

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Some Experiences of a Church-Goer

By Gerald Stanley Lee

THERE was a time once when I was discouraged about the fate of religion. But it was because, as it seems to me now, I had insisted on having a half-view of hope. It was because I had set my eyes upon the church, and was staring at prayer-meetings, and was going about peering at Christians, that I was discouraged.

But now that I have gone forth and seen the faces along the pavements, and have stopped in the mighty streets, and have stood still, and have made a hush about me, I have refused to believe longer this outside boast, this show of godlessness that masters men in cities. I am not discouraged about religion. I am not even discouraged about the church. For the first time a church looks practical. I walk in a city as through a great congregation. "Not a man of all these," I say over to myself as I look at them, "but is on his way this moment to the Intangible, the Invisible Church." Not a man of all of them, as he brushes past, but has this same reaching out in him, this same vague eternal looking-up through all his days for Something Not Himself. If he had a real church, a church that would call his longing up in him to where he could see it, to where he could know what it was, and express it and have it expressed, I have seen that the earth would be crowded with worship. I have seen it trooping as in the morning with strange lighted-up men. It would be suddenly, to some of us, as if the roof had been lifted off the world. We would stand wondering. We would see it was all a temple, every man being born in it, and dying in it, hurrying and praying in it, across the little minute of his life. Already I have refused to be set one side to pray—to be elbowed away to God by crowds. Since I have looked up from my religion, have let myself be thronged with their faces, have felt their lives go past my spirit, have joined in the prayer my soul has heard—has always heard, like a low singing in the street—I have denied that all these men I see about me have been offered a church and said No. The main reliance, the great energy, the engine of religion with men is a Church. And a Church has never been tried.

It has come to me as a kind of daily exultation in the church—in the bare idea of having a church—that all the world belongs to it; that at this moment it is crowding, stumbling, wavering, and cursing and praying toward our tiny selfish doors, like a great tide, Out There, flowing around us, past us, like an atmosphere, omnipresent, ceaseless, pressing against us, dumb, gigantic, desperate, breathing its desire upon us. And it has always been so. It is the tragedy, the great scene, of history, this spectacle of the world laying siege to the church. Now these hundreds of years I have seen it, the nations saying a kind of blind, splendid mass to it, crying before its doors, "Canst thou not save us?" It has seemed sometimes as if, if the church did not rouse itself, did not fling open its thoughts, its gentleness, its mighty love, did not make splendid its altars, did not build a place for this same surging mighty outside world to say its prayers in, the world itself would turn upon the church, and lay its hands upon it, and rend it, break through our little chancel rails, our fences for worship, flow over our altars, and fight past us to God.

It is because the real vision of a God that any or every man has, as a supreme being, a life, a flame-of-living about him every day, has been left unsounded in him by the church, that he stays away from it. It is really the God in the man and not the godlessness in him that has kept him from doing obeisance to this helpless apologizing God, this faint-voiced falsetto God, which the church has presented to him. His not going to church has been itself a kind of clumsy, miserable sacrament. The main feeling the average man has about the church is that it is a body of men with a bell, who are meddling in his life, trying to make

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him and to make all other men do right without making them worship. The humblest man on earth is entitled to a God who can make him worship. It is what any reasonable man would expect of a God. It is not unnatural or unreasonable in him that worship should be the end of doing right that his soul takes hold of first, that he should want his awe stirred to do right, and the very center of the love in him, that he should expect a multitude and a great singing gathered about his God. The bottom of the man is this vision in him, of what a God would be like. A church that is not imperious and godlike with men, a small and anxious church peddling itself about and running after and teasing the world, is doing the last thing that can ever reach a world. It begins to seem clear that it is not even humor, to say nothing of religion—this ceaseless representing God to men as a wistful and straining God. We shall never make them believe it. We do not believe it. We do not longer believe in a church which is trying to superimpose, which is actually hoping to lay out, to fit down over men—a religion, when it does not see, nor begin to see, nor begin to begin to express, the religion they already have.

I do not deny that there was a time when I thought that this larger church was a dream or vision of my own. For years I was as one walking with my eyes upon the ground. Suddenly, all outside around me there was a great, soft trampling while I was believing. Then—everybody was believing it. I have seen that the vision is written in the faces of the crowds in the street, and upon rapt faces in churches, and upon listlessness and upon yawns. I believe we are going to build cathedrals out of the faith of men who do not go to church; that the stifled religion, the blind, splendid longing, the piled-up half-belief, the dull, aching faith, the religion that goes crying and groping, shall have its temple in the streets at last. I have believed that the moment the church becomes great in its heart it becomes universal or practical. We lay but the corner-stone of the vision, and the world flocks to it. The very Outsiders shall build it. Crying and hoping around it in the dark, they shall help us lift the stones; wanderers shall bear the mortar up the towers, and the windows shall be of the souls of those who have loved God and did not know it.

Hundreds of times when I have been traveling I have found myself up in a high window in a great hotel sitting and watching a big, soft Sabbath morning from out of the whole world, from out of the country fields, falling upon a city. And as I have sat at my window with the Sabbath, and watched it falling, silence upon silence, upon the city, upon the crowds of cold chimneys flocking up in the night, upon the long, still, dreamy streets, I have tried to gather about me, to possess for myself, that brooding sense of Sunday; one has, sometimes, that sense of sitting still and of watching a spirit doing things before one's eyes. Silence! Below me the aisles of houses, the lonely morning flowing up their sides. Now and then, as out of last week or out of last year, a rush of wheels, some single, splendid, heedless, happy troop of echoes down the silence. Then a few great, sleepy bells lifting themselves—those voices that of a Sunday morning go wandering up and down one's life.

Then, as I have sat in my window alone with my life, and with the bells, I have wondered if I would go to church.

It seems to depend upon the people. It is as if I feared the people sometimes, and what they would do to me in a church, what they would do to my soul. One feels safe with the bells. It is one's first feeling sometimes in a new town on Sunday mornings, this strange, glad safety with the bells. It is like a great chant out there—the chanting of a city, of a great people, the tongues of the steeples freeing themselves. Out over the roofs, between the chimneys—everywhere—towers are singing. Thousands of prayers are flocking up through them. Down on the long, white pavements thousands of faces are turning toward them. Hundreds of street-cars are hurrying to them. Little children in windows, the faces against the glass, are wondering toward them, the old and the weak

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in rooms gathering up their thought to this singing in the towers—their souls out there climbing up on the morning to God. I like to sit in my window and feel the whole city, the best and the fairest of it, this very moment, all remembering—out on the white streets, in the pealing bells, and in darkened rooms—remembering a cry on a cross.

Then slowly the steeples are hushed. Under them the people begin praying, dim congregations spread out over the city, each singing and hidden from the others. I feel the great congregation. To step back to a door, to be shot down in a box to the sidewalk, to pick out a single street of congregations, to go to only one of them, to be put through a door and filed away by an usher, to kneel under a roof, to be locked in with the one man's vision, to listen to the one man's voice bearing on, bearing on! But my conscience pulls upon me. And before I know it I have broken away. I wall myself in to do right. A few pillars, a few bits of stained glass, and I am in church. I look eagerly into the faces of the people.

I have been with animals or with insects or with trees and I have not wondered if there was a God. But when I have followed the tolling of the bells in the streets and have gone with the people to their church and have watched them sometimes, coldly caricaturing a God, sitting bolt upright in their hearts before him, or struggling up through sermons to him, I have come away and wondered if there was a God. I have run to the woods to believe—sometimes—after benedictions. I would not like to say how often when I have been traveling, when I have found myself of a Sunday morning in a strange city in a strange church, sitting perfectly still there, waiting, groping for God in it, praying in the faces of the people, I have stopped praying in sheer curiosity, in resentment, in jealousy for God, that all this sleek, cold listlessness should have been gathered together, or could have been gathered together, out of a great city, heaped under one roof for God and offered up as worship. The dear, hungry people—what has happened to them? This sudden hush of meaninglessness that has fallen upon them, upon their faces, their movements, upon their very clothes—these same people that glow upon the sidewalks, who are as warmth and light upon the streets the moment before, the moment after—sitting here so bleak, so respectable, so smoothed out. It seems sometimes as if I could not understand it—as if I did not want to. There comes over me a miserable, hopeless, shameless superiority—an awful drowning loneliness. Then, as I sit listening and waiting in the singing, and as I watch slowly the soul of the preacher over there, struggling up through his body to God—out past the people to God—or as I watch the people struggling past the preacher or around the choir to God, there comes from far down within me a great cry of companionship, a new, soft, strange humbleness, a confession, a longing, a pity, and then before heaven and before the faces of the people I bow my spirit and worship.

Here are all these strange, contradictory people, so dreary, so emptied on the outside, and yet their whole lives crying out within them, I know, and singing, every man of them wandering off alone as he sits there to his own song or to his own cry alone. I find myself worshiping with the great unwaked congregation, the congregation a little behind the congregation. Slowly, as on some dark, steep, wondering stair, my soul climbs up their lives to God. Only the moment before I may have been full of the shut-in feeling one so often has in a church—the choir distilling the sense of a small and proper God, the voice of the preacher walling away heaven, one's whole soul beating up against the little roof of the little church. Suddenly there comes this sense of the people all about me. My soul goes outdoors in their souls—their larger, under-or-over souls. It comes to me that every one of them must have a prayer somewhere, sometime. Before I know it I am praying that prayer with them—this last week that they have lived. These years they are coming to—are they not all breathing and praying around them?

I do not quite know what it is that happens. They are the same people I thought I was being shut in with to find

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a God; the same banked-up coldness is upon the air. They have the same look. But I do not believe it. It is not true; it is all a great chilled-through lie, this sense that creeps across the floors, drifts through the air of churches, that freezes these warm and throbbing men and women about one into sudden effigies of themselves. These very men before me, every one, indifferent, statues of vacuums, are full of struggle at this moment, of grim might, of silent joy, or silent sorrow before heaven. I do not believe them, as they look—arranged in rows all chilled through to be good, emptying their faces before their Creator, before one another—sitting there and calling it worship. I have refused to believe this hardness, this spiritual varnish, on everything, everybody—this church-look of the men. And all these smoothed-away women—I do not believe in their faces—the faces outside their faces. My soul has fought through. I have seen longing and vigils and fear and pains in them and death and love in them and the unborn in their eyes, and out of the sleek and the polite I have heard—out of the shut-in and looking-down faces—the same low, eternal cry for God. I do not sit in my seat believing that these people have come to church to think they are worshiping. I have caught myself looking at their tired faces as if they were the great hope written across the world. We are going to have a godlike church because we are inspired not to want the one we have. We do not believe in the one we have. I boast of the church that it is a church too alive not to be miserable to-day, vague, helpless, half destroying itself. The people outside of the church have no use for it. Neither have the people within. There could be no more practicable and immediate way to obtain a great and godlike church than to begin with this same endless belt-line of listlessness in church that winds around the world. This international panorama following the sun on Sunday morning around the earth of listless, conscientious-looking people out of every town, out of every city, gathered together, being bored for God, is the final seal upon the promise of a great and godlike church. Every listless congregation I have seen is praying to it. I never go into a new, fresh, listless congregation, one that I have never known before, that I am not suddenly drawn to it. Their very absent-mindedness is the love of beauty in them. Their yawns are a kind of miserable discouraged worship.

I used to be afraid to take the plunge sometimes, to face this vast, cold, banked-up indifference. I had a theory for a time that it was only when one's faith was strongest that one could afford to go to church. I used to stay at home, sit in a kind of spiritual dark-room, as I remember it now. I was all snuggled up to my faith to preserve it. I built a church of dreams to go to—dream-people about me worshiping, dream-choirs. I found I could sit in that, and believe in the church.

But now all is changed. Give me a few blank faces, and I will worship anywhere, a few muffled men and women sitting near me in a pew with their secret God, hiding away prayers in it. It is not saints on pillars, nor angels, nor mountains that make me worship now. These blank faces, this piteous dumbness as of animals being driven, being hurried away from living, and shut up in meaninglessness, and sitting together hating it. I boast of them, that a mock church or a church in miniature, a church with imitation stained-glass windows, with a stone front and brick back, with a show-choir and with painted pillars and water-color cornices, fails to make them sympathetic, that a vague, tawdry suggestion of a cheap or economical God does not make them worship. They sit in their seats in a kind of trance—gloss over the facts as well as they can—the things the church building is standing there and saying about the people who go to it, and they worship with them as well as they can—have a forgetful moment perhaps, but it does not come to much. I do not believe that this mind-reading of congregations which I am trying to express is merely personal. I have but dipped into the sea of a universal experience with my own. It is a great international prayer of self-criticism which is constituting the real service we go to church to to-day. The real honest worship that

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is being offered up around us when we sit in a church is this great slow lift of the prayer we are making against ourselves. We do not quite know what it means. I have come to believe that the real and godlike church is coming first in some still, discouraged, listless-looking way like this. It shall seem as the End. A great hush shall fall upon the world while it prays. Then there will be a touch of light. One moment. Then there will be singing and cathedrals. One specimen cathedral town, one great city with a central church or heart in it, lifted up before our dumbness shall be the touch of light. Then all men shall see. The very night we are in is what our glory shall be made out of. To-morrow we walk in a great lighted-up darkness singing together.

Some of us have had all the despairs of the church, one after the other. And for each of us they have loomed up in turn, until—The Touch of Light. Then we have made doors and windows of them. I have come to believe that this is not a mere personal experience, that it is the historic habit of man, the way of the world with a truth. I see to-day a mighty gathering darkness, a great hope that has stolen in upon the church. Our towers rise in the blackness. It is the spirit of the new church greeting us in the blackness. It is all around us. It is almost precipitated. It needs but the touch of light, the flash of faith, to bring it to pass, to kindle and enfold the world with vision. And cities and nations shall lift up their hands, and there shall be a great singing, and the sound of hammers, and a glory shall fall upon the people.

Food Adulteration

By Alvin S. Wheeler

Associate Professor of Chemistry, University of North Carolina

THE human body is a chemical laboratory in which the fires are kept up at night as well as by day. In it the most complicated chemical reactions are carried out, many of which man can neither reproduce nor understand. Some of the complex substances can be made by man at very high temperatures, but the body needs only its own moderate temperature. Here we come face to face with one of the wonders of nature. The food which we eat constitutes the fuel which feeds the fires, and if this is not what it purports to be, then abnormal substances are produced, the machine is thrown out of gear—in short, we are sick. The question of pure food is a vital one. That we do not always get it is absolutely certain. To quote a recent writer: "In these days of butter not traceable to the cow, of wine innocent of the grape, of beer estranged from hops and malt, of coffee-berries made in a mold and not grown on a bush, of honey not made in a beehive but in a factory, and a thousand and one audacious frauds, we consume one hundred million dollars' worth of fraudulently prepared food a year. Fraud has been officially detected in more than three thousand samples of food. From the cheapest and most ordinary article of diet, such as French sardines (caught off the coast of Maine) and canned salmon (with apologies to the swordfish) to such costly delicacies as Russian sturgeon caviare (collected in Delaware Bay) and imported Lucca oil (from the cotton-fields of Georgia), there is imposition." But Americans do not object to this very seriously, perhaps on account of a trait of character portrayed by Dr. Wiley before the Franklin Institute. He spoke as follows: "Barnum made a colossal fortune by acting on the principle that Americans liked to be humbugged. There is something soothingly seductive in being led to the circus by lurid posters showing unattainable attitudes of impossible monsters. This attractiveness is increased by the knowledge that, like the limited express, it implies an extra charge. Were the feats of legerdemain of the mystic Hermann actual performances of supernatural powers, they would lose for

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us half of their charm. To be cheated, fooled, bamboozled, cajoled, deceived, pettifogged, demagogued, hypnotized, manicured, and chiropodized are privileges dear to us all. Woe be to that paternalism in government which shall attempt to deprive us of these inalienable rights."

Notwithstanding that food adulteration has caused a good deal of discussion and legislation throughout our land, there is still considerable suspicion that it is much ado about nothing. Sooner or later the public will realize the tremendous extent of the fraudulent practices which are in operation. Not only is there danger to the life and health of the consumer, but honest industry is seriously injured. For many years a Pure Food Bill has been before Congress, but so far it has failed to pass. Most of the States, however, have laws which are applicable within their borders. These laws are based upon the English Food and Drugs Act, which became a law in 1875. Last November Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, approved and proclaimed the Official Food Standards, which had just been formulated by the United States Food Standard Commission and a committee of the National Association of Pure Food Commissions. It is no simple matter to say what the standard for any particular food shall be, and this recent action only partially covers the ground. The standards consist of definitions and chemical limits, and embrace meat and its products, milk and its products, sugar and related substances, spices, cocoa and cocoa products. It is hoped that this work will be completed within two years.

The adulteration of food is not a sin of modern times. In London, eighty-five years ago, grocers sold tea made of thorn leaves, dried on copper and colored with logwood and verdigris. Milk was largely made of chalk and water, and sugar was mixed with sand. Only a few years ago a member of my family while in London returned to a grocer some sugar which only partly dissolved in water. The grocer appeared horrified and made the exchange with remarkable rapidity. In the United States the granulated white sugar is as pure as the manufacturer can possibly make it.

The demand for pure food becomes more and more insistent each year, as the realization grows of the far-reaching extent of adulteration. A recent bulletin of the North Carolina Board of Health reveals how extensively food is now adulterated. The report says that 29 per cent. of the vinegar examined was untrue to name; 33 per cent. of the honey was adulterated; 37.5 per cent. of the jellies and jams, and every single sample of apple butter, catsup, and sauces. As I have already said, most of the States have adopted pure food laws, and an immense amount of good has been accomplished through them. Each State has a Food Commission, which keeps a watchful eye upon every variety of food sold within the boundaries of the State. Samples are bought in the open market and carefully analyzed by the chemist of the Commission. Where adulteration is found the violator is prosecuted, and prosecutions are usually successful. In Ohio, during 1901, there were 252 prosecutions. The jury disagreed in only seven cases and there were only nine acquittals. It is interesting also to note the decrease in adulteration. In Massachusetts in 1883 the percentage of samples of adulterated milk was 83. This fell to 28 in 1900. The percentage of adulteration of all other kinds of foods dropped from 31 per cent. to 14.

Milk is most liable to fraud of all the different kinds of food, because the chief adulterant is water, which costs nothing. In Massachusetts three-fifths of the entire appropriation is devoted to the inspection of milk and its allied products, butter and cheese. In the city we are more apt to be confronted with blue milk than in the country. The law in most States requires the presence of twelve parts of solid matter, since the natural product of the cow does not contain less than this, though it may contain much more. The cream rises in a cow's udder the same as if in a milk-pan, and, unless the cow has violently exercised just before milking, the first milk is less rich in butter fat, and this, by some, is sold to the consumer. The last of the milk, called the

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strippings, is nearly pure cream. The milkman is apt to keep this for his own private butter-making.

Owing to the fact that milk is such a splendid medium for the growth of all kinds of bacteria, which bring about its decomposition, it is an exceedingly common practice for the milk dealer to add some antiseptic, especially formaldehyde, so that it will keep in hot weather and may be transported long distances. On account of the physiological action of formaldehyde it is a menace to the health and its use in milk should be condemned. But this form of adulteration is dangerous from another standpoint: it becomes a substitute for cleanliness and sanitary precautions, which are so essential to the healthfulness of milk. The requirement of cleanliness is appreciated by the modern progressive dairy, which is a model of purity.

In Connecticut the collection of milk samples is made by agents, who are provided with bicycles carrying in the frame a case containing eighteen cans of a half-pint capacity each. The construction is such that one can may be removed without disturbing the others. Between four and seven o'clock in the morning the agent rides from street to street and buys a pint of milk from every milkman whom he meets, without making known the object of his errand. He notes the name of the milkman or his dairy given on the wagon.

Eggs, of course, cannot be adulterated, but they may be of varying quality, and now substitutes for them are being manufactured. The reasons for this are that eggs are high priced in winter, while in summer they deteriorate too rapidly. On the Boston market one has the privilege of buying eggs of different ages—"strictly fresh eggs," "fresh eggs," and "eggs." An egg may be preserved by evaporating its contents down to the solid state. By maintaining a low temperature, the water, which is the largest constituent, is driven off. This preparation is called La Mont's crystallized eggs. It is an important product, for in one year alone 100,000 pounds, equivalent to 4,800,000 eggs, were shipped to South African miners. In New York they are now manufacturing an egg substitute, called "ovine." It is said to "take the place of fresh eggs in baking." Analysis, however, shows that it resembles the white of the egg in composition, and not the whole egg.

Coffee offers a good field for the fraudulent operations of the manipulator. The coffee-berry is imitated not only in the green state, but also in the roasted condition. There are more than six firms in this country regularly engaged in the manufacture of coffee-bean-making machinery. Bogus berries are ground out by the ton, and they are better looking than those that grow on the bush. A paste is made of chicory, starch, pea meal, caramel, and molasses, molded into the proper shape and dried. The pure-food laws have had a very beneficial influence upon coffee adulteration. In one State the percentage of adulterated samples fell in two years from 63 to 24. The adulterants of ground coffees are peas, chicory, wheat, rye, and bean hulls. So-called coffee compounds are mixtures of coffee with other substances, such as cereals. Sometimes the packages are properly labeled, and again they are not.

Another indispensable beverage is tea. The extent of its use is indicated by the statement that in a recent year ninety-four million pounds were imported into the United States. Tea is adulterated with soapstone, gypsum, iron dust, and sand; also with lie tea, the trade name of a mixture made up of tea dust and other matters made into lumps with starch paste and colored. Tea is also mixed with exhausted tea leaves and leaves of the beech, willow, elm, rose, and wistaria. Finally, all of the green tea and a good deal of the black tea is faced or coated to impart a gloss and an attractive color. Prussian blue, indigo, and soapstone are used for green teas, and plumbago or black lead for black teas.

Cocoa and chocolate are making remarkable headway as beverages. Coffee and tea have been objected to on hygienic grounds, and substitutes are being extensively used. Cocoa is more nourishing than any other beverage, and perhaps as sustaining. Cocoa beans are reddish brown in color and resemble lima beans

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in shape and size. They are first roasted, a chemical change occurring which develops a very desirable flavor. They are next crushed by machinery to separate them from the shells. The broken cotyledons, free from shells, are known as cocoa nibs. These are ground, and the heat of grinding melts the fat which makes up one-half of their weight, and the ground product runs out as a thin paste. This is allowed to cool in molds, and constitutes our unsweetened chocolate. Cocoa is prepared by removing a part of the fat by pressure and reducing the residue to a powder. Cocoa is made inferior by grinding the beans with the shells on. It is adulterated by adding extra shells as well as wheat flour, cornstarch, and sugar, and this is a common practice.

Beneath the beautiful exterior of the soda fountain sit enthroned a host of frauds. We complacently enjoy the beautifully colored drinks with the idea that they are made of natural fruit juices, such as strawberry, cherry, raspberry, and many more. Some dispensers use the real fruit, but very commonly the syrup is made by dissolving granulated sugar in water colored and flavored with substances made in a factory, and, finally. in some cases, soap bark is added in order to produce a fine foam. The variety of drinks is very extensive, one wholesale house alone offering an assortment of three hundred and thirty-three syrups. The artificial extracts made to imitate strawberry, raspberry, and certain other fruit juices are especially obnoxious and give rise to indigestion. Coal-tar dyes are used for coloring purposes, especially for the brilliantly colored drinks seen at State fairs and summer resorts. In Minnesota recently it was discovered that an alleged sweet-apple cider came "fresh from a cider-press" to which the juice was delivered by an underground pipe.

The most palatable and costly sugar is maple sugar. It is an important product, about five million pounds annually coming mostly from Vermont, New Hampshire, and Ohio. The great metropolis of the West is also noted for its production. A small quantity of the pure article serves to produce large amounts of "maple syrup." To such an extreme is this carried that there is not left even a smell of the real maple. Adulteration is extraordinarily extensive, and it has invaded the maple woods. The reasons are succinctly stated by the Illinois Food Commissioner as follows: "First—It is so easy any one can do it. Second—It is profitable. Third—Adulteration is difficult of detection. Fourth—Adulteration being common, the manufacturer is compelled to follow suit in order to compete in price. Fifth—The production of maple syrup is less than the demand. Sixth—The undoubted demand for a syrup with a slight maple flavor at a less price than the pure product commands. Seventh—The questionable fact that certain varieties of maple (Canada, North Minnesota) yield a syrup of stronger flavor than consumers demand." The adulterants or substitutes for the maple sugar are cane sugar, beet sugar, brown sugar, glucose, and dextrin. To produce the maple flavor extracts of walnuts, butternuts, and corncobs are used.

A pure fruit jelly is made entirely from the fruit juice with the addition of cane sugar. The adulterants are numerous. The jellying quality may be imparted by starch paste, gelatine, or agar-agar, a gelatinous material obtained from seaweed. These, of course, have no taste, but by adding a coloring matter and some flavoring extract we have at once currant jelly, grape jelly, or any kind whatsoever. Glucose is much used for sweetening purposes, although it is less sweet than cane sugar, the ratio of sweetness being about three to five. In one year the Connecticut station found twenty pure jellies and forty-three adulterated, the first being home products, while the adulterated were factory products. Jams also are not always what they seem to be. A sample of strawberry jam recently analyzed in Nebraska was found to consist mostly of pumpkin, tinted with coal-tar dyes, preserved in benzoin, with grass seed thrown in to make the jam look like the real thing.

Honey in the comb probably cannot be adulterated except by the bee itself, which seems to have a monopoly on capping the cells. That the inventive Ameri-

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can has made many attempts to produce a machine which would do this work there can be no doubt. Strained honey is readily adulterated, glucose being the usual adulterant. Sometimes only sufficient real honey is added to impart a slight honey flavor. A glass jar of glucose with pieces of honeycomb floating in the liquid makes a beautiful deception and a very profitable one.

Spices afford a very attractive field for the sophisticator. Allspice has been found in some cases to contain as much as 85 per cent. wheat and nut shells. Cayenne is adulterated with corn, wheat, ginger, and a red aniline dye. Cloves may contain wheat, sawdust, charcoal, and factory sweepings. Ginger is adulterated with wheat, rice, and pepper. Mustard is liable to contain mustard hulls, corn, wheat, and rice, sometimes to the extent of 90 per cent. Pepper is adulterated with wheat, ginger, pepper shells, olive stones, and buckwheat.

The labeling of food products is a matter of considerable importance, because it is from the label that we usually get our ideas as to the character of the goods. Labels are often wholly deceptive. Such words as "high quality," "high grade," "excellent quality," "pure," and "unadulterated," are often found attached to articles of the most worthless character. Various devices are employed to lead the unwary astray. Here is a label:

LEMON EXTRACT

Alcohol, 535. Aqua, 450. Oil Lemon, 15.

The resort to the Latin word is a fraud of a low order. The extract actually contained more water, less alcohol, and no oil of lemon whatever. On a box of powdered borax put out by a New York house was found the following caution: "Avoid the many spurious imitations of our borax with which the market is flooded, and which can only do harm to those who use them. See that our trademark is on every package." The chemical examination of this borax showed that every package was seriously adulterated with bicarbonate of soda.

Again, on a package of coffee, the statement "Made of pure coffee and cereals" is placed perpendicularly, and the instruction to "Open this end" is placed at the opposite end.

The food laboratory in the Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture, is now engaged in investigations of the highest importance. Under the direction of Dr. Wiley a squad of men take their meals at the Bureau's laboratory, the food being doctored with borax, salicylic acid, and other substances which are said to be deleterious to health. The experiments are extremely interesting, and the results promise to be important.

In conclusion it may be said that all adulterations are not harmful; in fact, many are actually wholesome. A watchful eye is required to detect the serious abuses, which are all too common, and it is necessary to distinguish between the harmless and harmful frauds. The press is prone to exaggeration—a practice vividly portrayed by Bob Burdette in the following poem, entitled "A Victim of Delusion:"

Placid I am, content, serene;
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling feathered hen;
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
In Newark by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chicory so cheap;
Or with the best black tea in town—
Dried willow-leaves—I calmly sleep.

But if from man's vile arts I flee,
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriæ
And hideous rotatoriæ
And wriggling polygastricæ
And slimy diatomaceæ
And hard-shelled orphryocercinæ
And double-barreled kolpodæ,
Non-loricated ambrœilæ
And various animalculæ
Of middle, high, and low degree;
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.

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The Unconscious Brotherhood

By J. Horace McFarland

THIS is some account of a fraternity which has no name, no written laws, no dues, no officers, no organizations; but it exists, and I suspect is nearly as old as man. Its unconscious membership is probably world-wide. I can account only for that part of the North American continent over which I have traveled, but I think the use of the password—a recognition phrase—would meet with response in any part of the world, if stated in familiar language. This password, or phrase, is the only purely regular feature of the brotherhood, and even that varies much in form, though not in meaning.

Most of the members do not know they are members, though they are quite sure to use the privileges of the brotherhood upon meeting each other. I had my first knowledge of this unnamed fraternity some years ago, when spending a few days at the home of a friend whose ability as a fruit-grower has brought him comfort while his soul has been expanding. I met at this home a man—he was officially, as a servant of the United States, a "pomologist," but that doesn't count—who came there, as I did, to look at a wonderful strawberry trial—which also wasn't essential. I seemed to have known him, the next day, for years instead of hours, and the three of us sat in happiness on the sweet June grass, while we talked of outdoors and investigated strawberries. The pomologist soon asked us other two if we knew his friend Blank, and upon receiving a negative answer, said, "Why, you ought to know Blank; he's one of our kind." Later I understood what this really meant; at the time the remark passed without special notice.

Not long after I boarded a parlor-car running between two large cities, on which I knew I would find a conductor with whom I had often traveled. Indeed, I had waited two hours longer than I needed to for the sake of having a little chat with him. He greeted me eagerly, saying, "I have something to show you, after I have worked the car." When his passengers were all seated and ticketed, he came to me with a newspaper clipping and read to me a poem which he had noticed and preserved. It began thus: "Who loves a tree;" and after I had expressed my appreciation, my friend the Pullman conductor said: "I thought you'd like it; so I wrote off this copy for you. You may want to show it to some one else who is one of our kind." Then I remembered the phrase of the pomologist.

A week or two later I met a woman whose writings spell love for outdoors, and it was with little surprise, after I had an hour's conversation with her, that I heard the phrase again, referring this time to a man I did know, whose life is devoted to the defense and the study of living birds: "He's a lovely man; he's one of our kind!"

That spring I had a joyous trip along the lower Susquehanna, away from the main lines of travel. My quest was a wonderful flower show, the blooming of the greater "Wake-robin." My instructions as to finding the place came from an enthusiastic woman who has done much to open closed eyes to outdoors. I was to "walk a quarter of a mile south from the station, find a great rock beside the track, then go a rod farther, look up the hill to the left, and prepare to shout"! I did shout, for the long, sloping hillside was spangled with ten thousand trilliums, white, blush, and pink. Ferns there were too, and up the hill cunning Jack-in-the-pulpit stood ready to preach, respectfully attended by the delicate spring-beauty and the nodding wild geranium. It was a day of deep joy, and I went home full of a desire to share it, and to tell a whole city of an April flower festival which was worth a score of chrysanthemum shows. But I remembered my friend's caution: "Don't tell any one where to find the trilliums

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unless you're sure he's our kind, for other folks admire, and then root up, these lovely flowers."

Here was the password—for by this time I had begun to recognize it—but in the negative. It brought to mind a little talk I had had with a member of William Penn's sect, who grows good trees and loves them so well that he dislikes to sell them out of his sight. He was speaking of his own brother, a far more extensive grower of trees: "Thee will find Joseph a good man, but he does not care for trees as thee and I do; he's not our kind!"

One golden autumn a hunt with pencil and camera took me along a New England highway, tree-bordered in part, hallowed by Revolutionary history, and ripened into dignity and beauty. The fruit-grower and a university professor made up the trio, and I realized one of the privileges of the unconscious brotherhood. The busy fruit-grower cheerfully drove the professor and the camera-fiend along the forty miles of river and wood, farm and town, which made up the highway. It was his horses and his carriage; he took three days out of his busy life for us, and used to the full his knowledge of this historic roadway. Also, and incidentally, he and the professor drew freely upon apparently exhaustless reservoirs of funny stories, so that the camera man was fain to beg them to cease, in mercy to the jaws made almost too sore by much laughter to properly enjoy the sustaining food at the lovely home of the fruit-grower. There was no sense of obligation among us. We were square with each other for the joys of the trip. Why? Because we were all of one kind, and the brotherhood provides these things among itself without question. That the courtesy was due solely to the brotherhood was made fully evident upon another visit to the fruit-grower, when he dismissed with mere politeness a wealthy visitor who also grew fruit, but grew it, as my friend explained, "only for the money there's in it—the mean old sogpop!" "Sogpop," it may be hardly necessary to explain, is my friend's expressive designation for those who are hopelessly sordid and mean, and not "of our kind."

In the Pennsylvania mountains I chanced upon a "timber-cruiser" one summer. It was his business to range through the woods to which he was sent, forming in his mind an estimate of how much timber the great old hemlocks would "cut," and how it might be most readily gotten out to the little narrow-gauge railway that wound its way up the mountain. He had that wonderful sense of location which some woodsmen possess, so that he could go straight through the unmarked forest for miles to his destination. I think the wise call it "orientation;" I wish I had a half if not a double portion of it.

But this timber-cruiser, engaged in an unsentimental and arduous occupation, had eyes for more than the feet of lumber and the direction; he saw the flowers on the forest floor, the ferns by the rocks, the dripping diamonds of the mountain springs. He was wise on walks of primeval charm, and when he met one of this brotherhood he could talk. I wondered that another man we knew, not so good a woodsman, though twice as noisy, should so little care for the great and solemn beauty of the primeval forest; but my friend (and I was very glad to be able so to term him) explained that "John just couldn't help it; he ain't of our kind." Here again the password!

A variation came from a sweet-souled artist, a man who had fought his way against odds to a position of recognition, when he told me, one day of tramping pleasure, he with his kit and I with my camera, that the reason a certain clergyman we met trod underfoot, unseeing, while descanting about a bit of mountain scenery, the beautiful flowers and ferns that the mountain made possible, was because he "was not the right kind." No, he was not!

Each year my own mental roster of the members of the Unconscious Brotherhood grows, and I have come to look for associates everywhere. One day it may be a farmer who proves his fellowship, and then a man in a totally different walk of life. I find every one of them is an innate Christian, not necessarily with spoken expression of the fact. So far, all are gentle in speech,

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clear of eye, and the men free always from taint of alcohol and mostly from scent of tobacco. (Of course the women are so; that goes without saying.)

Not all so-called "nature lovers" belong, by any means; many such fail to qualify. Children always look with a smile at the true brethren, I find, and that is another of the great privileges of membership.

Now I have written of my own all too limited knowledge of this fraternity, which it is very good to belong to. I have had the deep pleasure of seeing, in some instances, those qualify as members who had been aforetime "not of our kind." For here is another of the privileges: the doors are never closed, and the outsider, even the poor-rich "sogpop," may nominate and elect himself to full membership, with all the rights and pleasures—and duties, remember—of the fraternity, if he will only open his eyes and his heart to the beautiful world in which the dear God of the outdoors has placed him. To see and love a flower, and leave it to bloom for another; to keep careless foot from the roadside fern, or even thistle; to enjoy everything that grows, without unnecessary or thoughtless destruction; to lend a hand here and give a smile with it; to be frank and cheerful, as well as just, honest, and fair—these things to do and see done as well as in one lies, work at once admission to the Brotherhood of which I think heaven must be just a higher degree!

Summer Vesper Sermons

V.—The Respectable Need Regeneration[1]

By Lyman Abbott

THE doctrine of the new birth was familiar to the Pharisees. They held that no man could come into the kingdom of God except a Jew. If a pagan desired to come into the kingdom of God, he must be born again and become a Jew. One ritualist even affirmed that after this transition he might marry his own sister, since after the new birth she was his sister no longer. When Jesus Christ declared that no man could see the kingdom of God unless he was born again, or born from above, what surprised Nicodemus was, not the doctrine of the new birth, but that doctrine applied to an eminently orthodox and respectable member of the Jewish race.

Men in our time do not differ very widely in their view from that of Nicodemus. That a pagan, either a barbaric pagan from a foreign land or a civilized pagan in our own, must be born again in order to be a Christian, would not seem strange; but that so radical a change as is indicated by this figure is necessary for those who have always held a Christian creed and been brought up in Christian surroundings seems to most men more difficult of credence.

In truth, however, life is simply a series of births. No man is born once for all. Every new epoch in his education develops into activity a before dormant faculty and opens for him a before closed world. The little child learns to read, and with this acquisition he is born into a world of literature of which before he could know nothing. He studies art under a wise teacher. An artist, says Ruskin, is a seeing creature. He learns to see, to understand, to appreciate beauty, and he is born into a world of art he never saw before. He studies music. Before, he had, as the saying is, no ear for music. His musical ear is born. He has entered into still another world. So each new stage in his development is a new birth, and always a birth from above. By the influence of music, art, literature, he is lifted up into the world which they occupy. Nor can he find this world—much less enter into it—until he is thus born from above; until the before dormant capacity to perceive is awakened in him.

There is a spiritual world, and there

[1] John iii. 1-10.

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is a world invisible to sense. This is the world of which Paul speaks in saying: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." This is the world to which he refers when he says: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." And yet again: "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

There is in man a power to see the invisible, to hear the inaudible, to know the unknowable, to enter into the nonsensuous and the spiritual; but this power lies in many a man dormant. Glimmerings of light come to him, glimpses of the invisible are afforded to him; but for the most part he walks by sight and not by faith. He must be born from above. The power to see the invisible must be awakened. He must be lifted out of his lower self; out of a lower realm into a higher realm. Then he sees what he did not before see; he understands what he did not before understand. He finds himself in a world of which before he knew nothing, although it was all about him. Learning will not give this birth, any more than a knowledge of music will give an understanding of art, or the appreciation of art will give a comprehension of literature. Science will no more confer upon him spiritual vision than spiritual vision will confer upon him scientific knowledge. Each world has its own entrance door; for each world there are in man, as it were, different senses, different organs of perception. One may be as learned, as wealthy, as respectable, as orthodox, as Nicodemus, but unless he is born from above he cannot see the kingdom whose fruits are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance, faith."

The American Public School[1]

SOME months ago Mr. A. Emerson Palmer, Secretary of the Board of Education of the city of New York, was granted leave of absence for the purpose of compiling, as an appropriate memento of the centenary of the inauguration (February 19, 1805) of the movement for free public schools in New York, a history of public education in the city. All the official and private records available were placed at his disposal, and although his time was limited, owing to the desirability of issuing the history in season for the centenary celebration, he has succeeded in producing a work that is complete and extremely interesting. He himself modestly terms it a "chronicle;" but while this is, strictly speaking, its most fitting designation, it in no way conveys the suggestiveness of the narrative prepared with such evident enthusiasm and intelligence—the story unfolded in Mr. Palmer's pages having an inspirational value not only to the citizens of New York, but to the country at large. Before touching on the considerations arising from a perusal of the work, it may be well to follow the author briefly in an outline sketch of the origins and evolution of the New York school system.

While it was not until 1805 that a definite general movement in the direction of the public school was made, free schools existed on Manhattan Island so long ago as the Dutch administration. The first schoolmaster was one Adam Roelantsen, who came from Holland in 1633 as an official of the West India Company, drawing so small a salary, however, that it is hinted he engaged in laundrying to add to it. Of a fiery temper, his career was not altogether creditable to himself nor beneficial to the community; but in that the school over which he presided was free he is entitled to the distinction of having been New York's pioneer public school teacher. Until the close of Dutch rule both pub-

[1] *The New York Public School.* Being a History of Free Education in the City of New York. By A. Emerson Palmer, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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lic and private schools thrived; but with the coming of the English education was checked, both by the withdrawal of government support and by the issuance of a royal decree that no schoolmaster should practice his profession without a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury. During the War of the Revolution education in New York was at a standstill; and while schools were opened soon thereafter by the different religious denominations, little was attempted in the way of a general free education until 1795, when the bill giving birth to the common-school system of the State was passed by the Legislature. In the city, curiously enough, the first free school in the true meaning of the term was an institution for the education of colored children. This was opened in 1787 by the "Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves, and for Protecting such of them as have been or may be Liberated," a society in which Hamilton and Jay were actively interested. The first free school for white children was not opened until 1801. In that year the "Female Association," which had been organized in 1798 by some philanthropic women connected with the Society of Friends, established a school which was at first attended by children of both sexes, but before long gave admission to girls only. Later, the Quakers, who were prominent in educational work throughout the embryonic period of the public school system, opened a number of other schools in New York.

The Free School Society, which was to lay a solid foundation for the superstructure of to-day, came into being in 1805. In the beginning the purpose of the Society was not to provide a system of free popular education, but merely to establish a single school for the benefit of poor children unprovided for by the schools maintained by the various churches. The Society originated at a meeting held February 19 at the house of John Murray, Jr., in Pearl Street, and attended by a number of representative citizens. April 9 the Society was incorporated, with De Witt Clinton as first President of the Board of Trustees. In May of the following year a school was opened in Madison, then Bancker, Street, under the economical Lancastrian or monitorial system, wherein the most advanced pupils assisted in the work of education. This system, with some modifications, was employed by both the Free School Society and its successor, the Public School Society, throughout their existence. For some little time the Free School Society not only taught but in many instances clothed the children attending its school. It was not long before it outgrew its Madison Street quarters, and in 1809 it removed to an "extensive building" in Tryon Row. By 1820 four schools were in operation, and in 1822 a fifth was opened. Then came the first of a series of sectarian controversies, which had as one result the expansion of the Society's labors under a new charter as the Public School Society, and, as a final result, the creation of a Board of Education which, after some years of competition with the Public School Society, absorbed the latter and formed the starting-point of the system that prevails to-day.

The Society had outlived its usefulness, but in its nearly half a century of endeavor it had, in the language of the report of the Board of Education for 1853, "imposed upon this city a debt of gratitude that can never be fitly estimated, much less repaid. During that period it has conferred the blessing of instruction on 600,000 children and more than 1,200 teachers." The story of the further expansion of the public school under the Board is carried by Mr. Palmer to the present day, but before narrating developments subsequent to the formation of Greater New York he pauses to give an account of the growth of education in Brooklyn and the outlying sections of the city. In Brooklyn and in Queens, as in Manhattan, the first schools are traced back to the Dutch; in the Bronx they go back to the English, and in Richmond to the Waldenses and Huguenots. Everywhere there has been a healthy growth, the upbuilding of a system calculated to meet the increasing needs of the people.

So long ago as 1833 evening schools were established in New York, but under conditions vitiating their usefulness, the

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first successful evening schools not being opened until 1847 by the Board of Education. Two years later the first step to secondary education was taken in the foundation of the Free Academy, which in 1866 became the College of the City of New York. In 1866 also evening high schools were established. In 1888 another great stride forward was taken in the inauguration of the free-lecture system, one of the most important phases of the city's educational work. The part it plays in New York's municipal life may be judged from the fact that during the winter of 1903–04 4,665 lectures were delivered to 1,134,005 people, and that, in the sixteen years that have elapsed since free lectures were first made a factor in public education, the aggregate attendance has been in the neighborhood of 8,000,000. "The lecture system as it has been developed," writes Mr. Palmer, "now forms an organized system of adult education. That it is appreciated by the people of New York City is attested by the popular interest, indicated not only by the attendance, but by the reading and study to which the auditors are incited after hearing the lecturers. It is further evidenced by the increase in good reading through co-operation with the public libraries, and by the circulation by the Board of Education of books relating to the subjects of the lectures."

The thoughtful reader cannot fail to feel the justness of President Eliot's observation, quoted by former Mayor Low in the introduction he has contributed to Mr. Palmer's history: "New York City has produced a system of public instruction which the whole country may well copy. It is developing a public education which, far from being confined to the years of childhood, goes on with the adult while life lasts. It continues the education of adults by evening schools and free public lectures, and is making its school buildings constant day and night educational centers." Commenting on the meaning and value of the New York public school, Mr. Low himself draws attention especially to its "Americanizing" influence. "In a single night class, not long ago, twenty-six different languages were the native languages of those in attendance. The children of such a population, when they first go to school, are little in touch with each other, and have no common speech. These wonderful public schools, over and above and beyond everything else, make them all Americans, with a love for the flag, with a common speech, and with a sympathy for each other born of their close association."

Generally speaking, these words are applicable to the public schools, not alone of New York, but of the country, whether their classes be cosmopolitan or not. And herein lies the deeper meaning of the American public school. It has been charged by foreign observers that education in the United States is directed to efficiency rather than to character-building; it has been said, in the words of one critic, that "the tendency is towards materialism. . . . There is too much desire for the actual advantages that learning can bestow rather than love of it for its own sake, and for the possibilities in the way of happiness which it opens to rich and poor alike." Only a superficial examination could find warrant for these statements. It is true that, as in all new countries, we suffer from a dearth of the cultural traditions that time alone can give; yet, even so, in the men and the women we have developed and are developing, taken in the mass, we are not without cause of pride. Materialism has not put the United States, in the space of a single century, where it stands to-day. Materialism is neither the base nor the product of the system that has formed our National strength—our men and our women. It is good to recall the words of the memorial praying the Legislature to incorporate the Free School Society. After reciting their desire to establish a school for the education of the children of the poor, the memorialists continued:

> The consequences of this neglect of education are ignorance and vice, and all those manifold evils resulting from every species of immorality, by which public hospitals and almshouses are filled with objects of disease and poverty, and society burthened with taxes for their support. In addition to these melancholy facts, it is to be feared that the laboring class in the community is becoming less industrious, less moral, and less careful to lay up the fruit of their earnings. What

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can this alarming declension have arisen from, but the existence of an error which has ever been found to produce a similar effect—a want of a virtuous education, especially at that early period of life when the impressions that are made generally stamp the future character?

The rich having ample means of educating their offspring, it must be apparent that the laboring poor—a class of citizens so evidently useful—have a superior claim to public support.

No mistaking the spirit and purpose of these memorialists—founders of an edifice whose proportions they could not have foreseen. Efficiency they had in view, but they grasped, too, the function of education as a maker of character. The hundred years that have passed need not cause us to fear that the ideals of these educational architects have been cast aside by their descendants. Efficiency *and* character-building is the watchword of the American public school system. Doubtless, to quote Mr. Low once more, "our schools still have many imperfections; doubtless it will require constant watchfulness to preserve what is good in them, and constant endeavor to improve them." But it cannot fairly be said that in materialism were they begun—that in materialism they have been continued. Were such a charge valid, we might well lose faith, not in our schools alone, but in the American Republic.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

All the Year Round. A Nature Reader. Part IV.: **Summer.** By M. A. L. Lane and Margaret Lane. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5¼×7½ in. 99 pages. 30c.

American Thumb-Prints. By K. Stephens. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.

A small volume of fresh and courageously written essays by a cultivated Western woman, who is not afraid to say what she thinks, and who *does* think. The book is pervaded by the idealistic spirit and resonant with hope and faith; it is also clear-sighted, direct, and pungent in criticism and statement. The essay on the "Puritans of the West" is a sympathetic and discriminating interpretation of the spirit of Kansas; entertaining, witty, and critical, but meeting Eastern ignorance and misconception with a touch of satire. The paper on "The Ministry of Hesperus" is a bit of clear, distinct revelation of Far Western ideals and ways of life which may be read with profit on the Atlantic seaboard. Such papers as these, with their fresh spirit, their unabashed faith in simple things and modest beginnings, ought to be in the hands of Europeanized Americans—that unfortunate company who understand neither Europe nor America. "Up-to-Date Misogyny" is a vivacious and pungent indictment of certain inequalities between the sexes which are vestiges of the old order slowly giving way to the new. Miss Stephens is a scholar, but she has lost none of her native wit; and this collection of essays discloses both natural and acquired qualities which entitle it to the careful reading of thoughtful people. It ought to be added that while the style shows here and there a ilttle redundancy, a tendency to escape from the topic in hand into something like "fine writing," the volume is easy and delightful reading.

At the Sign of the Fox. By the Author of "People of the Whirlpool." The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 372 pages. $1.50.

This story possesses, in common with its delightful predecessors, "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" and "The People of the Whirlpool," the charm of freshness, genuine love of a wholesome and simple life, keen appreciation of the joys of out-of-doors, a gentle and sound sense of humor, and true perception of character. We cannot add to all this that "Barbara" has as yet succeeded in constructing a strong, well-proportioned plot or in telling a convincing love story; in fact, the reader is here very much inclined to be impatient with the ecstatic French artist who comes to America to save from hardship the woman he has long silently adored, finds her carrying on a farm and wayside inn ("At the Sign of the Fox"), and works for her on shares for months without being recognized. But, apart from plot, there is much to admire and enjoy in this spirited and cleverly written book—notably its honest thrusts at social pretentiousness and humbug.

Black Butterflies. By Berthe St. Luz. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 336 pages. $1.50.

Book of the Spiritual Life (The). By the late Lady Dilke. With a Memoir of the Author by the Rt. Hon. Charles W. Dilke, Bt., M.P. With Portraits and Illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5⅛×8¼ in. 275 pages. $3, net.

Emilia Francis Strong was the granddaughter of Samuel S. Strong, Deputy Surveyor-General of Georgia before the Revolutionary

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War, and one of the sturdy loyalists who were expatriated by its bitterness. Becoming in 1861 the wife of a distinguished scholar, Mark Pattison, and in 1885, after his decease, the wife of the well-known statesman, her present biographer, her death in 1904 closed the record here made of a noble life that left its mark both in the world of thought and the world of action. Native energy and disciplined self-control, sturdy independence and active philanthropy, distinction in art and in social reform, the service of the lowly and the friendship of the great, outwardly characterized the life whose hidden springs are disclosed in the posthumous work which her memoir introduces. "The spiritual life," wrote Lady Dilke, "in its highest sense is the one means whereby we may come at some revelation of the true significance and mystery of the Christian dogma of the Incarnation, and behold the triumph of the spirit over the flesh; that sovereign triumph not to be won without pain and sorrow and much labor, yet surely to be won by all those who will obey the commandment which Chaucer sums for us in the words—

"'Hold the hye wey, and let thy ghost thee lede.'"

In connection with these words two distinctive traits of the writer deserve mention—"constant gaiety of spirit" and "a daily pause for thought." To come into appreciative touch with such a life as hers is to receive an inspiration.

Belles-Lettres Series (The): The Battle of Maldon and Short Poems from the Saxon Chronicle. Edited by Walter John Sedgefield, Litt.D. **Juliana.** Edited by William Strunk, Jr., Ph.D. **Judith: An Old English Epic Fragment.** Edited by Albert S. Cook. **Bussy D'Ambois and The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.** By George Chapman. Edited by Frederick S. Boas, M.A. **Society and Caste.** By T. W. Robertson. Edited by T. Edgar Pemberton. **Selected Poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne.** Edited by William Morton Payne, LL.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4×6 in.

These volumes belong to a series upon which we have already commented. The plan of the editors divides the series into six sections, each of which has its separate editor. Thus, of the present books, the first three belong to the first section, which deals with English literature from its beginning down to the year 1100, and is edited by Professor Albert S. Cook. The plays of George Chapman and those of T. W. Robertson belong to the third section, which deals with the English drama, and the selections from Swinburne's poems belong to the sixth section, which includes nineteenth-century poems. The general motto of the series is "Literature for literature's sake," and this evidently means that the little volumes should be put out not so much to meet a popular demand as to present certain literary accomplishments of the past primarily as literature, and should be edited with skill and insight for students and lovers of literature. The series will include when completed some two hundred volumes, and the progress already made is one which may well meet the approval of scholars.

Church of Christ (The). By a Layman. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 336 pages. $1, net.

The author is said to be a layman of "wide commercial and political experience." Internal evidence seems to indicate that he is of the religious denomination known as Disciples of Christ, who would do away with all creeds except the primitive confession that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and who urge that the Bible is the proper basis of union for Christians. These positions are presented at the end of the work, whose two divisions treat of the "History of Pardon" and of the "Evidence of Pardon and the Church as an Organization." The warp and woof of the whole argument are drawn from the Bible liberally quoted. Would that this layman's knowledge of the Bible were more common among men of his class! It must be said, however, that his historical and critical perspective, both of the Bible and of the relation of Christianity to preceding religions, lacks adjustment to the facts as now received by scholars. Neither the Church nor the world can be rationally expected to regard the gift of the Spirit and the conversion of three thousand at Pentecost, fifty days after the crucifixion, as "typified" in Moses's time by the giving of the law at Sinai fifty days after the killing of the paschal lamb, and by the slaying of three thousand idolatrous Hebrews. The author is certainly antiquated in his insistence that Romanism is to be identified with the "mother of harlots" in the Apocalypse, but he is in advance of the general attitude of the Church toward Christian unity, for which he makes a strong and earnest plea.

Complete Kano Jiu-Jitsu (The). By H. Irving Hancock and Katsukuma Higashi. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5⅛×9 in. 526 pages. $4.50, net.

A manual of the most approved form of the Japanese art of combat, describing all the tricks from the simplest to those which, to quote the authors, "in reality kill the victim." The book also describes a series of methods of resuscitation by means of which, to quote again, "we are able to restore those whom we kill."

Dark Lantern (A). By Elizabeth Robins (C. E. Raimond). The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 400 pages.

This story is so painful, its frankness comes so near to brutality, the incidents which it describes are so unrelated to normal, healthy life, that not even the acknowledged ability of the author or the undoubted merits of her style avails to make it worth while.

Digit of the Moon and Other Love Stories from the Hindu (A). Translated from the Original Manuscripts by F. W. Bain. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 421 pages. $1.50.

Whether translated from original manuscripts or the work of a modern luxuriant

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fancy, these charming stories from the Hindu are characteristically Eastern in delicacy, tenderness, vividness, gorgeousness of imagination, and floridity of language. They also possess a somewhat greater refinement, according to Western notions, than one often finds in tales of Oriental life and love as told by Orientals.

Edward FitzGerald. By A. C. Benson. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 207 pages. $1.

Edward FitzGerald is one of the most singular, interesting, and pathetic figures among modern English men of letters. A poet in feeling and natural gifts, a skeptic in temperament, a recluse in inclination, languid and unenergetic and distrustful of himself in spirit, thinking himself and thought by others to be a failure, practically unknown as a writer during his life except to a few intimate friends, it is not extravagant to assert that he has achieved a lasting fame as one of the very real poets of England. This fame, too, rests entirely upon a single work—his version of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." His other writings, chiefly translations of Greek and Spanish plays, and his letters are read only by those who are interested in making a study of his character and personality in detail. The intrinsic beauty and power of FitzGerald's "Omar" have given it a very wide appeal in spite of its pessimism and melancholy. To all readers of these quatrains, which give such glimpses of the wonderful joy of external nature and the equally wonderful spiritual misgivings of man, we commend Mr. Benson's compact and readable volume without reserve. It is a model biography of its kind; indeed, it is difficult to recall any other volume of the admirable English Men of Letters series in which more literary charm or greater skill of interpretation has been displayed. Mr. Benson does not err on the one side in rhapsodically eulogizing FitzGerald's freedom from phariseeism, nor on the other in condemning with bigotry his skeptical pessimism. He is sympathetic and appreciative, but does not hesitate to speak frankly of FitzGerald's weaknesses when a knowledge of those weaknesses is necessary to a knowledge of the man. The fact is that FitzGerald was so highly sensitive to every sort of impression that comes from life that he could not resist their contending influences. Now social, now abstracting himself from society; now full of religious aspiration, and now doubtful of anything but external nature; now filled with literary ardor, and now indolent and without ambition, he had within himself the morbidity of genius in an exaggerated form. His life, therefore, is a fair subject of public discussion, not only because he was a poet of special charm and fineness, but also because he was a peculiarly interesting specimen of human nature. Mr. Benson has studied FitzGerald from these two points of view, and has produced a literary portrait simple and direct in its method of treatment, but full of expression and character. Such biography is worth volumes of mere esoteric criticism. It is to be hoped that Mr. Benson will not stop with FitzGerald. Why should he not give us similar portraits of Shelley, Keats, and George Borrow?

English Craft Gilds and the Government (The). By Stella Kramer, M.A. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science. Vol. XXIII.) The Columbia University Press, New York. 6×9½ in. 152 pages. $1.

France in America, 1497–1763. By Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. With Maps. (The American Nation, Vol. 7. Library Edition.) Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 320 pages. $2, net.

The latest volume in the "American Nation" series has to do with the history of France in America, and is by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. While the book covers the whole range of French conquest and occupancy in the New World, the volume should take prominent place among others dealing with the same subject because of the careful and emphatic manner in which French exploration in the West is recounted. Illustrated by original maps, Dr. Thwaites's narrative gives to one a new realization of the immense possibilities which the French found here. We recognize anew that the origin, progress, and overthrow of their empire in America constitute a peculiarly dramatic chapter in our history. Of this many readers are already aware because of the splendid service rendered by Francis Parkman in the publication of those twelve volumes which, as time goes on, seem only increasingly entertaining, readable, and valuable. But the admirers of Parkman will welcome a one-volume history of the whole period, and they will especially welcome a book like the present, including the results of the latest research. Though the year 1763 closes the Gallic period, so called, we are glad that Dr. Thwaites has added a chapter on Louisiana under Spain, a serviceable history of that New World province down to its cession in 1803 to the United States.

Game (The). By Jack London. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 182 pages.

This is the story of a prize-fighter, a clean, honorable young fellow, and the two loves of his heart—the one for a girl, the other for "the game." There is a vivid, stirring description of the prize-fight which is to be his farewell to "the game," and which has a startlingly tragic ending. Mr. London's stories are never lacking in power, dramatic quality, and picturesqueness, but his love for the strenuous and the tragic has led him to end this story in a way that is fairly brutal.

God and His World: Sermons on Evolution. By Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, L.H.D. George H. Ellis Co., Boston, Mass. 5×7½ in. 287 pages. $1.25.

Dr. Calthrop is a theist, and more thoroughgoing than very many theists. He is also a Christian theist, and distinct as such from many who share with him the name of Unitarian. "The name of Jesus," he tells the radical who belittles his own spiritual ances-

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try, "must to us forever stand the first. . . . When he spoke, God spoke. . . . Jesus was Immanuel, 'God with us.' . . . Every word of the confession of the Ancient Church is true, *provided* it be made inclusive, not exclusive." That is, the divine incarnation is in humanity, not in Jesus only. Of humanity as well as of Jesus the creed holds true—"of one substance with the Father." As a theist Dr. Calthrop is specially concerned to extrude the dualism between matter and spirit which many theists are content with. Wholly free from Spinoza's pantheism, he so far agrees with Spinoza as to hold that a full definition of God must include the physical with the spiritual, or, as Spinoza put it, "extension" as well as "thought." God is Spirit, but the spiritual includes the material; matter also in its ultimate analysis turns out to be spiritual, for science reduces it to pure elemental energy. In this line of thought Dr. Calthrop exhibits at length the significance of the theory of vortex atoms as an exhibition of "the wonderful way in which God turns his glory into clay for our sakes." Thus to him as to Augustine, but in a profounder view, "the nature of things is God." What the devout Catholic beholds in the consecrated wafer, that he beholds in the cosmos—"the very body and blood of the Infinite Love that gives itself away for you." This conviction glows throughout these discourses, and gives them an inspirational quality. The dualism which the problem of evil challenges the theist to remove requires fuller discussion than Dr. Calthrop has given it.

History and Life of the Rev. Dr. John Tauler of Strasbourg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. Preface by Charles Kingsley. H. R. Allenson, London. 5¼×8¼ in. 426 pages.

This is a new edition of an old and valuable work, Miss Winkworth's translation having appeared at London in 1857. The sermons of Tauler, Wyclif's contemporary, and, like him, a morning star of the Reformation, powerfully influenced Luther in his formative period. They are still a living voice in the world, proclaiming the true character of religion as the life of God in the soul of man.

How to Make a Vegetable Garden. By Edith Loring Fullerton. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7½×10½ in. 347 pages. $2, net.

The author is an enthusiastic amateur gardener who has the practical knowledge that comes from experience. She tells how to raise vegetables for pleasure, and the profit of having them fresh for your own table. She writes simply and untechnically, and with the love for her subject which is the distinguishing characteristic of the real "amateur." The illustrations are plentiful and helpful.

Interdependence of the Arts of Design (The). By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 6×9¾ in. 227 pages.

The world of art is sensibly the richer because of the publication of Mr. Russell Sturgis's lectures delivered at the Chicago Art Institute. Whether we consider representation, sentiment, or decorative effect, we can hardly be too interested in observing modern art as judged by that of the men who have gone before us. Such an observation fills one-third of the present volume. Another third has to do with the industrial arts, those in which form predominates and then those in which color predominates. Finally, we have a valuable and suggestive review of the uses of sculpture and painting in architecture. The volume's value is doubled because of its hun dred illustrations.

Leslie's Monthly Magazine. Volume LIX. November, 1904–April, 1905. The Frank Leslie Publishing House, New York. 6½×9½ in. 720 pages.

The reception of this bound volume affords a favorable opportunity to note that the title of this periodical will henceforth be "The American Illustrated Magazine" (Colver Publishing House, New York). The change seems to us a very sensible one on the part of the publishers, both because the new title is a good one in itself and because the old title had long since ceased to be descriptive of actual facts. Frank Leslie was undoubtedly a notable and interesting figure in pictorial journalism. He has been dead many years, and the two periodicals with which his name has of late been associated have absolutely nothing in common, either in ownership or in their literary fields. The publishers of the magazine, which is now entering upon a new career under a new title, declare that they do not propose to make of it a review, a compilation of "exposures," or a rehash of the Sunday papers, but a "magazine intended to bring encouragement, knowledge, and enjoyment into every family." It can hardly have escaped the attention of those who have followed the development of magazines in late years that the one now under discussion has already made notable advances in the exact direction indicated by this announcement. It has been increasingly entertaining, and its editors have shown inventiveness and energy in selecting timely topics and in having them treated in a clear and readable manner and with good illustrations.

Love's Cross-Currents. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 245 pages. $1.50.

The responsibility for disinterring "this buried bantling of literary youth" is promptly placed in the very first lines of a preface upon Mr. Watts-Dunton. That Mr. Swinburne knew that his attempt at fiction was fainthearted and slight is evident from its description by him as a canceled fragment of a rejected study. One looks at the so-called novel, accordingly, not for the ordinary attractiveness of plot or character analysis, but to find whether or not the languid dialogue has keen social observation or comment on men and affairs of a pungent or epigrammatic sort. Frankly, while the fragment is not totally devoid of these things, it has not salt

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enough to save it, as Dr. Johnson would say, had it been from another pen.

Mind of Methodism (The): A Brief. By Rev. Harvey Reeves Calkins, M.A., B.D. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 4½×6½ in. 40 pages. 25c., net.

This little tractate was written by a British Wesleyan missionary for his people in India. It is an excellent description of a catholic Christianity that in general is not particularly distinctive of Methodism from other evangelical *isms* as known among us.

Organization of Ocean Commerce (The). By J. Russell Smith, Ph.D. (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania.) Published for the University, Philadelphia. Ginn & Co., Selling Agents, Boston. 6¼×10 in. 156 pages.

Paths to Power: Central Church Sermons. By Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 362 pages. $1.25, net.

Professor Wilkinson in his recent book, "Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse," has included Dr. Gunsaulus in the list with such men as Beecher, Brooks, and Spurgeon. Not till now, however, has Dr. Gunsaulus put a volume of his discourses into print. On reading them one is disposed to concede his right to the place assigned him by Professor Wilkinson. But to feel their power one must surrender for the time to the speaker's wand, and not dissolve its spell by a critical mood. Dr. Gunsaulus resembles Dr. Joseph Parker in the vivifying imagination which he brings to the exposition of his texts, and is a master in allegorizing from them fresh and profound lessons. Rarely, if ever, does a single church possess within thirty years two ministers so gifted with the æsthetic faculty and poetic temperament as Dr. Gunsaulus and his first predecessor, the late Professor David Swing.

Precious and Sacred Writings of Martin Luther (The). Vol. V. Church Postil Gospels. Translated by Prof. John Nicholas Lenker, D.D. Lutherans in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 5½×8 in. 395 pages. $2.25.

These expository notes on the Gospels ("postil" signifying a marginal note) were prepared to be read in churches as homilies, and are accounted as the best of Luther's sermons. In this, the first English translation, they now cover all the Sundays of the Church year. In their publication in this excellent typographic form a service has been performed for all branches of the modern Church.

Russian Jew in the United States (The). Planned and Edited by Charles S. Bernheimer, Ph.D. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 426 pages. $2, net.

This volume contains a series of papers by more than a score of writers who aim to "present the rise and development of the Russian Jews who have come to the United States during the past twenty-odd years, to show the qualities they brought with them, to present the facts as to their adjustment to the conditions here, and to look a little into the future."

Saint Lawrence (The): Its Basin and Border Lands. By Samuel Edward Dawson, Litt.D. F.R.S.C. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 451 pages.

This volume should appeal to the student of history and to the lover of romance. In orderly fashion and in often luminous phrase Dr. Dawson sets forth the story of the discovery, exploration, and occupation of the northeastern part of the North American continent. The text is accompanied by some good illustrations and by some especially good maps.

Socrates. By Rev. J. T. Forbes, M.A. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 282 pages. $1.25.

This is an exacting as well as a fascinating subject, and its demands for a comprehensive view and critical insight are well met in the present volume. The Great Questioner's inheritance and environment—religious, intellectual, moral, social—are clearly described as constituting the field for his activity, and the real Socrates is discriminated from the reflections of his figure in the writings of his disciples. Mr. Forbes draws no parallel between Socrates and Jesus. But when he speaks of Socrates as going beyond the more earnest-minded of his countrymen in a time of moral degeneracy, and caring everything for the salvation of the individual as the moral unit, while they were most concerned for the social fabric, a parallel in situation and aim between him and Jesus is inevitably suggested. He undoubtedly it was, as Dean Stanley said, who "gave the stimulus which prepared the Western world for the Great Inquirer, the Divine Word."

Sword of Islam (The). By Arthur N. Wollaston, C.I.E. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.

By means of a judicious combination of much that has been written on the subject in the past with not a little first-hand material, the author has made an interesting volume on the history of the religion of Mohammed and his followers.

Thirteen Chapters of American History: Represented by the Edward Moran Series of Thirteen Historical Marine Paintings. By Theodore Sutro. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York City. 6¼×9½ in. 113 pages. $1.50, net.

Thirteen pictures by the late Edward Moran—one of America's best marine painters—form thirteen chapters on American history. Among the subjects are "Erickson's Landing in the New World," "The Ships of Columbus," "Henry Hudson Entering New York Bay," "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Southampton," "The Burning of the Frigate Philadelphia in the Harbor of Tripoli," "The Sinking of the Cumberland by the Merrimac," etc. This series of historical pictures is thus of graphic interest to young and old. It has been a happy idea to reproduce them in a book and to accompany them with descriptive essays. The volume will thus be welcome to readers of all ages.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Florida's Educational System

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial in The Outlook of June 24, 1905, on Florida's educational system, leaves with the reader the impression that some time will necessarily intervene before the establishment of the new State institutions provided by the Buckman Bill, and that in the meantime the State will be without higher educational institutions. I beg to say that, on the contrary, the expectation is that no time at all will intervene between the ceasing to exist of the old and the establishing of the new institutions. Section 14 of the bill expressly provides that "immediately" upon the passage of this act the Governor shall appoint the Board of Control for these institutions, and that the Board of Control shall "immediately after such appointment" assemble at the State capital and organize. Section 16 provides that "As soon as practicable after the appointment and organization of the Board of Control, the Governor, as President of the State Board of Education, shall cause a meeting of both said boards to be held in joint session at the capital, and at said meeting shall determine the place of location of the University of the State of Florida and of the Florida Female College hereby created and established, and prescribe the general rules and regulations for the conduct and governance of the same, and the proper management thereof, as well as of the other institutions, to wit, the Colored Normal School and the Institute for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, heretofore created, and determine as to any change in location of either of said last-mentioned institutions that may be necessary or required, and shall do every other matter or thing at that or some subsequent meeting as shall be necessary and requisite to fully carry into effect the provisions of this act."

Section 17 provides that "In determining the location of the University of the State of Florida created and established by this act, the said Boards in joint meeting assembled shall take into consideration the lands, property, buildings, and situation of the respective institutions named in and abolished by this act, having regard to the permanent location of such an institution at some central point in the State, both geographically and as to population, as well as to the needs and requirements of the same as prescribed in this act and the powers given thereunder, and the funds and means at their command, or which may naturally come to the control of the State Board of Education for such purposes, and may, if advisable, after careful consideration, appropriate, either temporarily or permanently, the location, lands, buildings, property, and effects of any one of said vacated and abolished institutions for such purpose. Said Board being hereby vested with an absolute discretion and power in the matter of location and situs of this said institution. That in the location of the Florida Female College hereby created said Boards are hereby authorized and empowered to locate and fix the same (after they shall have located the said University) at one of the places occupied by any one of the abolished institutions under this act, having especial regard for the character and condition of the grounds, buildings, and structures thereon of such abolished institutions as they may select, its location as to health and accessibility, and its adaptability to the particular needs of such an institution."

It thus appears that the joint Boards are required by provision of the act to locate the girls' college on the site of and to use the buildings of some one of the abolished institutions, or, in event of a new site being selected, may still be continued on one of the old sites until the new site is ready.

That the spirit of the act contemplates the immediate establishment of these institutions is further made evident by the fact that the bill carries an appropriation of $150,000 (in addition to certain Government and other funds) for the maintenance of the institutions thus created for the ensuing two years, beginning July 1, 1905.

Admission to the University is placed at the completion of the uniformly graded public school (including high schools) course of the State. Modification of these requirements at any time is, however, left at the discretion of the Board. Admission to the girls' college is placed two grades below that of the University. The first meeting of the board of control has been called for June 26, and it can hardly be doubted that both of these institutions will open their doors to receive students not later than October of the present year. Of the thousand students referred to in your editorial who have been in institutions supported by the State, not one in this case will need look elsewhere to continue his or her studies, provided that the qualifications are such as to gain admission to any department of the University or the girls' college. The real embarrassment—and no doubt there will be temporary embarrassment—will come from the suddenly increased demand upon the high schools of the

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State, and will thus affect the more advanced of the secondary rather than the higher education of the State.

Radical as is the Buckman Bill, it nevertheless affords an opportunity which, if rightly used, will enable the State to concentrate its educational forces and gain a degree of efficiency otherwise scarcely attainable.

E. H. SELLARDS.

University of Florida, Lake City, Florida.

The University and Social Leadership

[At the recent Yale Commencement, Dr. E. A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, who had been enrolled that day in Yale fellowship with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, made an address whose sane appreciation of present interests and issues so blended with enthusiasm for the future as to produce a deep impression. Dr. Alderman has kindly consented to a request to be permitted to present to the readers of The Outlook the larger part of his address.—THE EDITORS.]

I am proud to bring you fraternal greetings from the University of Virginia. I can see only kinship between the character of the two places, as time and tradition have hammered that character out, notwithstanding the fact that there could not be a greater apparent antithesis than the circumstances attending the birth of the two institutions. At first sight surely there does not seem to be much oneness between the righteous-minded, morally persistent, stiff-necked men who builded Yale, and Thomas Jefferson, that versatile, patient, myriad-minded old idealist, in whose heart dwelt an absorbing passion for faith in men and belief in the final rectitude of public impulses. But right here, at the root of the matter, I think these superficially antagonistic forces came together. However polar might have been their differences on exegisis, or theocracy, or the menu card, they hit it off passing well on the perfectibility of men, and the dignity and majesty and power of knowledge. And I hope and believe that they are fraternizing as well somewhere in the spirit world as their spiritual children are doing here to-day.

The word of honor is the master word at the University of Virginia. Everywhere there honor shines and illumines life. There is conservatism there, greater, perhaps, than is found at Yale; for they have just, in a wild moment of radicalism, elected a new president, the first in their history, and he wonders at times whether they repent of so great a piece of rashness. Their noblest contribution has been to public service through a stream of cultured men who have gone out from Virginia to furnish to democracy a high concept of public probity. The poison of graft has not yet entered their veins. They love beauty, and they have not lost their illusions. A certain spiritual charm still invests their days which poverty cannot depress, and a certain fineness which prosperity cannot wear away. Under the elms of Yale and about the antique beauty of The Lawn at Virginia still shines the light that never was on land or sea.

President Hadley has recently pointed out the good results that might come to National understanding and unity if Southern boys would come to Northern colleges. The suggestion made a hit in the South, as most of President Hadley's ideas do. I hope I am not making a base hit myself when I about-face that idea, and suggest a policy of "mutualization," which I believe might be accomplished with less difficulty than that ominous and baleful word suggests in financial circles. I suggest that Northern boys come down South. There, among the people and in the land, they could teach and learn many valuable things—teaching us power and patience and orderly achievement, and learning I won't say what, but I believe there is something good to learn of a people who have suffered for ideals and clung to loyalties, who are homogeneous in blood, and who exalt personality and conduct.

We have hitherto relied for sectional understanding on the politician, the tourist, the commercial traveler, or the writer of impressions. These sources are all admirable; but let us try to see if, by bringing together the ingenuous youth of both sections, whose hearts are young, whose judgments are unbiased, whose emotions are generous, we may not more quickly behold that splendid vision of the whole land quit of the memories of a troubled past over an unproven theory of government, quick in sympathy and in understanding, marching all one way to the music of National progress and righteousness. I like Dr. Gilman's idea of a congress of college men to discuss arbitration in the interest of peace, and I should like to see an academic congress once a year to discuss not only peace, but municipal and urban perils and racial questions and all subjects that pertain to the Nation as one great body of strength and destiny. It is good to catch the consciences of men when they are young, for the young man, however naïve may be his conception of conduct after midnight, however erratic his conception of his relations to fences and signs and belfries, is a confirmed idealist, and idealism is to me America's clearest word to the world. If men like George Bancroft, George Ticknor, Edward Everett, Basil Gildersleeve, James Russell Lowell, John Hay, have done more than foreign letters or foreign commerce to strengthen the ties between the great cultured nations of Europe, might not the intercourse of select men from the great sections of our country do more to unify the National American life? The most impressive spectacle in the world to me is the spectacle of America trying to be free and happy and just, and yet rich and powerful. As I see her history, idealism has ruled it. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln, Lamar, Lee, John Quincy Adams, Roosevelt, were and are idealists, and none greater than our President. Calhoun, who was nourished

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here, was the very incarnation of an ideal and of all devotion to it. I see a kind of morbid idealism in the very excesses of our success, in the ominous achievements of wealth even a kind of idealism or devotion to power rather than sordid greed. I am afraid I shall be thought a confirmed optimist. I can read the daily papers of Philadelphia and New York and still believe in the onward and upward course of the Republic. The fact that there is growing a deep feeling that the progress of business morals has somehow not kept pace with the progress of modern business, is a proof of our idealism and of the soundness of the popular heart. To me this university and every university is a fortress and a dynamo of such ideals, kept sane and catholic and useful by knowledge and patient investigation and the love of truth.

I hope I can without boasting claim that the Southern boy with whom I work illustrates the dignity and strength of this American trait, whether he issues from the old stock, sobered and dignified by sacrifice and suffering, or the new, throbbing with opportunity and privilege. He has had acquaintance with the philosophy of defeat, and this acquaintance has wrought for him the miracle of strength, of courage, and of simplicity. He is a good "political animal." He wants to serve the State, and I cannot shake off the belief that in some hour of National peril and disaster, when there is need of men of pure heart and steadfast soul to lead in a noble moral warfare, the whole country will turn thitherward for succor, as it did in the early days when old John Adams called for George Washington and put the sword of righteous revolution in his hand.

Home Economics

The seventh annual meeting of the Lake Placid Conference of Home Economics took place at the Lake Placid Club-House in the Adirondacks, June 26–30. The members present represented colleges, universities, and technical institutions, as well as secondary and elementary schools in whose curriculum this branch of education appears, either in its sociologic aspect or in the training of hand and eye that is now correlated with well-recognized educational subjects.

The Conference has had for its principal work the discussion and recommendation of such courses along the best lines. Miss Caroline L. Hunt, of the University of Wisconsin, reported for college and university, and Miss Helen Kinne, of Teachers College, Columbia University, on the trade and professional school. Mr. Baldwin, principal of the State Normal School of Hyannis, Massachusetts, and Miss Florence Marshall, of the Trade Training School for Girls in Boston, in their papers on trade schools testified to the value of such teaching in developing the power of application, quickness, accuracy, and responsibility.

Probably the most notable paper presented at the Conference was that given by Dr. Otto Folin, of McLean Hospital, on "Protein Metabolism and Its Relation to Dietary Standards." It gave to the teacher a clear and accurate statement of the results of the most recent scientific work in this field. The effect of a possible practical application of these results to the average diet by decreasing the amount of protein-containing food was discussed by Dr. Stillman, of Albany, and Drs. Langworthy and Goodridge. Drs. True and Langworthy, of the Experiment Station of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., gave valuable information on what the Government is doing for teachers of home economics, in the department of chemistry in establishing standards for purity of foods, in the Bureau of Plant Industry in developing new vegetable products, and in the Bureau of Entomology in its contribution to our knowledge of household insects.

The distribution of free publications of popular educational bulletins by the department is becoming more and more general, and further help in this line was asked for in the publication of an annotated bibliography on the general subject of home economics.

This Conference always devotes a part of its programme to economic and social questions. Under this head appear outlines for club study, reported by Miss Parloa, and discussed by club women present. An interesting paper was also presented on the teaching of home economics in social settlements, as carried on in the Louisa Alcott Club in Boston, with special reference to the development of the home-maker. Standards to be maintained in the feeding of large groups of people were also discussed, among the most interesting of the contributions to this question being that of Mr. Blackwell on the Students' Dining Association of Harvard University.

Among resolutions passed by the Conference at its concluding session was one which called the attention of the Federation of Women's Clubs to its efforts to prepare sound courses of study for schools of different grades, and asking the co-operation of the club women in considering vital problems of the home.

The price of annual membership in the Lake Placid Conference is $2, which entitles one to receive all official publications of the Conference. **

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